

The Sketch



No. 598.—VOL. XLVI.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS AS LADY ROSE IN "THE FINISHING SCHOOL," AT WYNDHAM'S.

Photograph by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company. (See also Page 438.)



The Sketch Office,
Monday, July 11.

FOR the sake of an Art which I hold in profound respect, I trust that the waitress who declared that her employer dismissed her because she would not flirt with her customers was telling a deliberate untruth. The Art of Flirting, you see, is so delicate, so subtle a thing that every devotee will shrink with horror from a suggestion unutterably Philistine. It is gross enough, Eros knows, to flirt in obedience to the laws of hospitality, or to escape from sheer boredom. But to flirt because one is paid to flirt is unspeakable, and, always providing that she spoke the truth at the Shoreditch County Court, I hold that the waitress in question was quite right to get herself dismissed. The Judge, I read, refused to believe the statement. I like him for that, and yet his disbelief argues a certain ignorance of second-rate restaurants. Never, I venture to assert, has he lunched off a tenpenny plate of lamb, two penn'orth of potatoes, and a spongy roll. Had he done so, he must assuredly have overheard some such conversation as this—

CUSTOMER. Morning.

WAITRESS. Good-morning. What can I get you?

CUSTOMER. What have you got this morning? I want something extra special, yer know.

WAITRESS. Well, there's a nice cut of lamb.

CUSTOMER. That sounds a bit of allright.

WAITRESS. And what vegetables would you like? There's new potatoes, and peas, and French beans, and cabbage.

CUSTOMER. Steady on! Anyone would think I was a bloomin' Rothschild. I'll 'ave some new potatoes, and chance it.

WAITRESS. Sure you won't try the French beans?

CUSTOMER. Come off it! (They laugh, and she moves away to disappear amid the steam and clatter at the far end of the room.)

WAITRESS (returning with lamb and potatoes). And what can I get you to drink?

CUSTOMER. Oh, the usual, I suppose. (She brings him half-a-pint of beer in a tankard.)

CUSTOMER (pausing for a moment in his attack on the lamb and potatoes). What 'ave you been doin' with yerself since I saw yer last?

WAITRESS (lingering—the tail of her eye on the next table). Oh, nothing much. What 'ave you?

CUSTOMER. Nothing much. Had a look in at Earl's Court last night.

WAITRESS. Oh. What's it like this year?

CUSTOMER. Not bad. That Maxim thing's a fair treat, I can tell yer.

WAITRESS. So I hear.

CUSTOMER. Haven't yer been yet, then?

WAITRESS. No, not yet.

CUSTOMER. You ought to come with me one night.

WAITRESS. I dare say I ought.

CUSTOMER. Well, why not? What's yer night off?

WAITRESS. Half-a-minute. (She attends to an old gentleman at the next table, handing him his bill with the air of a stage Duchess. The CUSTOMER is impressed. She, watching him in the looking-glass, takes note of the fact.)

CUSTOMER (as the old gentleman waddles out). I say! Miss!

WAITRESS (languidly). Can I get you something more?

CUSTOMER. You haven't answered my question yet, yer know.

WAITRESS. What was that?

CUSTOMER. You know right enough. I asked yer which was yer night off.

WAITRESS. Tuesday. Why?

CUSTOMER. Will you meet me at Charing Cross post-office, 'ave a bit of something to eat at Gatti's, and go down to Earl's Court?

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

(“Chicot”).

WAITRESS. D'yer mean it—straight?

CUSTOMER. Course I do. What d'yer say?

WAITRESS. Right you are. Don't say nothing to any of the other girls.

CUSTOMER (winking). What d'yer take me for?

The short spell of hot weather, you may have observed, has come round again, and the peevish Londoner is thrusting his hat to the back of his head, expelling his breath in a half-whistle, grumbling, drinking iced drinks, and behaving, generally, in a churlish, heating, and ungrateful manner. I shall take the liberty, therefore, of giving him six negative hints on “How to Keep Cool”—

- (1) Don't dine at home.
- (2) Don't dine at the Club.
- (3) Don't dine with friends.
- (4) Don't dine at restaurants.
- (5) Don't dine with relations.
- (6) Don't dine.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, of the *World*, has just published, through Mr. Eveleigh Nash, a clever political skit entitled “The Passing of Arthur.” Almost every politician of note is introduced by his real name, and the author, in other ways, has employed to the full his valuable gift of impudence. I am glad to note, by the way, that he cherishes a very profound reverence for the journal with which his name is associated. “The *World*,” says he, “summed up the whole situation in its one brilliant leader.” And again: “Mr. C. T. Ritchie had been seated in the window of the smoking-room reading, with evident impatience, the leader in the *World*.” And again: “About this time the following dialogue appeared in the current issue of the *World*.” I congratulate the Editor of the *World* on the possession of so loyal and so enthusiastic a contributor. Far less complimentary, let me assure him, are the references that Mr. Hamilton makes to this journal. He declares, indeed, that our pages are devoted to photographs of Gaiety girls, quite ignoring the many brilliant artists whose work it is our privilege to place before the public week by week. Is it possible, I wonder, that Mr. Hamilton does not look at drawings?

A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, apropos of two people who were shown to have neglected their six young children to a shocking extent, suggests that “the sentence of three months' hard labour passed upon both father and mother may perhaps help to arouse their dormant parental instincts.” To the mere bachelor, the remedy seems a strange one. Of his ignorance, indeed, he would be inclined to think that any parents of six children whose parental instincts are still lying dormant must be past praying for. As a matter of fact, it is far more likely that, in the case of these two people, the parental instinct is non-existent. Lamentable to relate, such a deficiency is far from uncommon, particularly among the least-educated classes. Less than a week ago, for example, I was standing on the platform of a railway station when a young couple approached, dragging between them a pale, thin child about four years of age. Just in front of me they stopped, and the mother, with a sudden wrench, seated the child on a large parcel that the father had thrown down. “You wait till I get you 'ome!” she said, savagely; “I'll give yer something, you see if I don't!” The child, in the meantime, was sitting perfectly still and silent, nursing a hideous, mud-stained rag-doll. And, oddly enough, when the angry mother withdrew her attention for a moment, the infant, very tenderly, stooped down and kissed the grimy face of her doll.

THE THEATRICAL GARDEN-PARTY

IN AID OF THE ACTORS' ORPHANAGE FUND (July 8).



THE STORY OF "THE FINISHING SCHOOL" IN A NUTSHELL.



ACT I.: PARLOUR OF "THE KING'S HEAD," GRETNA GREEN.

Dorothy Melville (Miss Annie Hughes) and Murray Vane (Mr. Ben Webster) are about to be married in Gretna Green style, when Murray's father turns up and packs off his ward (Dorothy) to a Finishing School for one year.



ACT II.: A FINISHING SCHOOL IN YORKSHIRE.

On the last night of her year's schooling, Dorothy learns from David Pugh (Mr. Frank Cooper) that Murray has been ordered off to the War and leaves early the next morning. She pleads with David to help her to see her lover before he goes.



ACT III.: MURRAY VANE'S QUARTERS IN YORK BARRACKS.

Dorothy, disguised as a boy, turns up. After various encounters with Murray, his brother-officers, and his father, she escapes on horseback and makes a dash for the school again.



ACT IV.: THE FINISHING SCHOOL AGAIN.

Sir John Vane (Mr. J. H. Barnes) pursues her, but she is too quick for him. Delighted with her pluck, he forgives all, and consents to the immediate wedding of Murray and Dorothy. Murray's departure has been indefinitely postponed.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SOUTH COAST.	
BRIGHTON	WORTHING
SEAFORD	LITTLEHAMPTON
EASTBOURNE	BOGNOR
BEXHILL	HAYLING ISLAND
ST. LEONARDS	PORPSMOUTH
HASTINGS	SOUTHSEA

New Through Service will leave Eastbourne 11.35 a.m., Brighton 12.25 p.m., Clapham Junction 1.44 p.m. for Kensington, Willesden, Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool.

New Through Service from Liverpool 11.5 a.m., Manchester 10.45 a.m., Birmingham 11.50 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 3.35 p.m., due at Brighton 5.5 p.m., Eastbourne 6 p.m.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

RYDE	VENTNOR	Through Tickets issued and Luggage Registered throughout.
COWES	FRESHWATER	The Trains run alongside the Steamers at Portsmouth and Ryde, thereby enabling Passengers to step from the Train to the Steamer and vice versa.
SANDOWN	ST. HELENS	
SHANKLIN	BEMBRIDGE	

Details of Superintendent of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

SEASIDE SEASON.—NORMANDY COAST.

DIEPPE	TROUVILLE	Circular Tickets issued via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, comprising all places of interest in Normandy and Brittany.
FECAMP	CAEN	
ETRETAT	BAYEUX	
CABOURG	ST. VALERY-EN-HAVRE	Week-End Tickets to Dieppe.

Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

EXPRESS TRAIN SERVICE

BETWEEN

LONDON AND HARROGATE.

JULY 1, 1904, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

WEEK-DAYS.											
	a.m.	D	A	A	A	A*	a.m.	A*	A	p.m.	
KING'S CROSS	... dep.	5 15	5 20	7 15	9 45	10 10	11 25	11 45	1 40	2 20	
HARROGATE	... arr.	10 42	10 42	1 0	2 20	2 37	3 26	5 42	5 42	6 58	
WEEK-DAYS—continued.											
	p.m.	A	A	p.m.	p.m.	A					
KING'S CROSS	... dep.	3 45	5 45	6 05	10 45	11 45	12 15	8 45	11 45		
HARROGATE	... arr.	7 57	10 57	12 2	5C51	8B20	5 24	5 51	8 20		

WEEK-DAYS.											
	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.	D	A+	*		
HARROGATE	... dep.	7 0	8 5	9 8	10 0	10 30	10 57	12 24	12 50	2 30	
KING'S CROSS	... arr.	11 30	1 5	1 50	2 10	3 55	4 5	5 30	6 15	7 0	
WEEK-DAYS—continued.											
	A*	A	A	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	A.	A			
HARROGATE	... dep.	4 50	4 24	6 0	8 5	9 0	10 15	10 20	12 30	9 40	
KING'S CROSS	... arr.	9 0	9 30	10 45	2 50	3 5	5 50	4 45	9 40	3 5	

A—Breakfast, Luncheon, or Dining Cars are attached to these trains. B—Not on Sunday mornings. C—On Sunday mornings is due Harrogate at 8.4. D—This train will not run on Bank Holidays. * Through Expresses between London and Harrogate. The Breakfast, Luncheon, or Dining Cars are not attached on Bank Holidays nor the Sunday preceding a Bank Holiday except to trains marked +

OLIVER BURY, General Manager.

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ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAINS JULY, AUGUST, AND SEPTEMBER, 1904.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	B	C	E			
London (Euston) ... dep.	5 15	10 0	10 5	11 30	2 0	7 45	8 0	8 50	9 0	11 50
Edinburgh (Princes Street) arr.										
Glasgow (Central) ...	3 0	6 15	...	7 55	10 30	6 50	7 50
Greenock ...	3 0	6 30	...	7 55	10 30	6 30	...	7 50
Gourock ...	4 22	7 23	...	9 19	11 17	...	8 4	8 45	...	9 50
Oban ...	4 34	7 35	...	9 30	11 28	Comment to run	8 15	8 20	...	9 10
Perth ...	9 5	4 45	8 50	...	12 0	12 30	9 40	10 10
Inverness—via Dunkeld ...	5 30	...	8 0	...	12 25	4 40	5 20	9 12	9 12	9 12
Dundee ...	11 10	5 10	9 12	9 12	...	4 45	4 45	4 45
Aberdeen ...	7H15	...	8 45	...	1 5	6 35	9 12	9 12
Ballater ...	9 5	...	10 20	...	3 5	7 15	...	11D40	11D40	11D40
Inverness—via Aberdeen	8 55	9 45	...	12 5	12 5	2 0	2 0

* On Saturday nights the 8.50 and 11.50 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to stations marked + (Sunday mornings in Scotland).

B—On Saturdays passengers by the 2 p.m. train from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

C—Passengers by the 7.45 p.m. train from Euston will arrive at Inverness at 8.35 a.m. from July 18 to Aug. 13. This Train does not run on Saturday nights. It will run specially on Sunday, Aug. 7.

D—Arrives Perth at 8.40 a.m., and Dundee 9.15 a.m., and Aberdeen at 11.30 a.m. on Sundays.

E—The Night Express leaving Euston at 8 p.m. will run every night (except Saturdays).

F—From the 1st to the 15th July (Saturdays excepted).

G—Arrives Perth at 8.18 a.m. on Sundays, i.e., Saturday Night from London (Euston).

H—Arrives Dundee (West) at 6.50 p.m. on Wednesdays and Fridays.

A SPECIAL TRAIN will LEAVE EUSTON at 3.30 p.m., from JULY 11 to AUG. 8, SATURDAY and SUNDAY NIGHTS EXCEPTED, for the CONVEYANCE of HORSES and PRIVATE CARRIAGES to ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND. A SPECIAL CARRIAGE for the CONVEYANCE of DOGS will be ATTACHED to THIS TRAIN.

For further particulars see the Companies' Time Tables, Guides, and Notices.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager, L. and N. W. Railway.

July 1904. R. MILLAR, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

THE SKETCH.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS FROM ST. PANCRAS

(with bookings from City, Greenwich, and Woolwich Stations) will be run as follows—

Destination.	Date.	Period.
Belfast and North of Ireland	Fortnightly from Thursdays.	16 days.
Belfast	Tuesday, Aug. 16.	16 days.
Dublin and South of Ireland	Fortnightly from Thursdays.	16 days.
Dublin	Tuesday, Aug. 23.	16 days.
Londonderry	Saturdays, July 30, Aug. 13, 27.	16 days.
Carlisle, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other parts of Scotland	Fortnightly from Friday, July 15 to Sept. 23 inclusive.	7 or 16 days.
Provincial Towns in the Midlands, Lancashire, Yorkshire, &c.	Saturday, July 16.	3, 6, or 8 days.
Lake District and Carlisle	Saturday, July 16.	3, 6, or 8 days.
Watering Places of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire	Every Saturday until Sept. 24 inclusive.	3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.
Blackpool, Lytham, St. Ann's, and Fleetwood	Every Wednesday until Sept. 28 inclusive.	6, 8, 13, or 15 days.
Douglas, Isle of Man	Every Friday midnight and Saturday morning until Sept. 24 inclusive.	3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.

TICKETS, BILLS, &c., at ST. PANCRAS and other MIDLAND STATIONS and CITY BOOKING OFFICES, and from THOS. COOK and SON, Ludgate Circus and Branch offices. PROGRAMMES, containing full particulars, GRATIS.

SCOTLAND,
Via Settle and Carlisle.

SUMMER EXPRESS SERVICE (Week-days).

	B	C	D	E	D	F	G	K	HK	I	J	A
LONDON (St. Pancras) ... dep.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	night.
LEICESTER	5 15	9 30	9 45	11 30	11 35	1 30	7 30	8 30	9 30	9 30	9 30	12 0
NOTTINGHAM	7 20	11 10	11 28	1 30	1 30	3 27	8 54	10 25	12 0	12 0	12 0	2 0
SHEFFIELD	9 0	12 18	12 55	2 10	2 10	4 25	9 19	10 25	12 38	12 38	12 38	1 58
LEEDS	10 0	1 28	1 48	3 28	3 28	5 33	11 23	12 38	1 50	2 0	4 10	
BRADFORD	0 40	12 50	1 20	2 40	2 40	4 55	10 0	10 55	1 20	1 20	2 0	2 5
LIVERPOOL (Exc.)	9 30	12 35	12 35	2 20	2 20	4 35	12 45	12 45	12 45	...
MANCHESTER (Vic.)	9 35	12 30	12 30	2 25	2 25	4 40	12 50	12 50	12 50	...
CARLISLE	12 35	3 45	4 0	5 50	6 0	7 55	1 30	2 50	4 15	4 15	4 15	6 25
STRANRAER (for Belfast and North of Ireland) ... arr.	5 32	7N25	10N46	5N47	11M26
AYR	3 54	6 51	8 41	...	10 43	...	5 51	...	7L28	9 25	9 25	
GLASGOW (St. Enoch)	3 20	6 35	8 25	...	10 20	...	6 10	...	7L 5	9 0	9 0	
GREENOCK (for Clyde)	4 37	8 2	9 52	...	12 5	...	7 26	...	8L 42	10 20	10 20	
GREENOCK (Watering Places)	3 30	6 5	...	8 35								

GARRICK. — MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH. At 9 in THE FAIRY'S DILEMMA, by W. S. Gilbert. At 8.15, "The Conversion of Nat Sturge." SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.15.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. — MR. LEWIS WALLER. EVERY EVENING, at 9, MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 3. MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER. Preceded each Evening, at 8.15, by THE PASSWORD.

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WYNDHAM'S THEATRE. — TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, a Romance in Four Acts, THE FINISHING SCHOOL, by Max Pemberton. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.30.

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ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

JULY 16.

THE FALL OF THE TIBETAN GIBRALTAR, GYANGTSE FORT.

The King and Queen at Bart's.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

The New Japanese Commander-in-Chief

THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

JULY 16.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING is spending the middle of this week at Newmarket, in the pleasant rooms reserved for His Majesty's use at the Jockey Club. The famous little Cambridgeshire town has not enjoyed so brilliant a First July Meeting for a long time, for, in addition to the Prince of Wales, the Royal Family were represented by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who were the guests of Sir Maurice and Lady FitzGerald, and the Crown Prince of Sweden

was also at the meeting. Most of the houses in and about Newmarket have their full complement of guests, including Palace House, where Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild will probably entertain the King; Rutland Cottage, where Lord and Lady Cadogan generally have a family party; Harraton House, some way from the town, where Lady Anne Lambton does the honours for her brother, Lord Durham; and Moulton Paddocks—sometimes spelt Paddox—which has been the headquarters of so many Kings of the Turf and where Sir Ernest Cassel holds high state, often assisted in doing the honours by his only child, Mrs. Wilfrid Ashby.

The Queen and the East-End. Queen Alexandra has always taken a very special interest in the East-End and in the various admirable charities which deal with that important portion of our vast working-hive. But this Season she has paid more than one "surprise" visit east of Temple Bar, and to-morrow (14th) Her Majesty will open at the People's Palace—that monument to the late Sir Walter Besant's literary genius and sterling worth—the Flower Show of the East London Horticultural Society. The Queen, herself an intense lover of flowers, is desirous of promoting in every way in her power the culture of sweet blossoms among poorer town-folk, and she could not do so in a more practical manner than by herself honouring the interesting and in some ways pathetic horticultural exhibition at Mile End.

The Mistress of Keele Hall. The Countess Torby, whose guest the King will shortly be at Keele Hall, was, before her marriage to the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, Countess Sophie of Merenburg. As is well known, the engagement of his favourite cousin and Aide-de-Camp to a lady of only morganatic Royal birth—for the Countess was a daughter of Prince Nicholas of Nassau by his morganatic union with the daughter of the great Polish patriot and poet, Pushkine—made the Czar very angry. The Grand Duke, however, was romantic; he preferred exile from his native country to separation from the woman he loved, and the marriage has turned out a singularly happy one. The King and Queen both honour the Countess Torby with their special friendship, and of late years the Grand Duke and his family—for the Countess is mother of several charming children—spend the summer of each year at Keele Hall. In the neighbourhood of this historic house His Imperial Highness and his charming-looking wife have made themselves exceedingly popular. They take part in the local festivities, and entertain both gentle and simple in the beautiful grounds, which have become Countess Torby's especial care, for she is an enthusiastic amateur gardener.

A Glorious Henley. In spite of the King not being present at the great Thames carnival, as it had been rumoured His Majesty would be on Thursday, Henley was brilliantly

successful. Not for three years has the Regatta brought together so large and cheerful a company of noted folk all bent on enjoying the prettiest Society gathering of the year. The Isthmian has, alas, disappeared, but Phyllis Court and the Sports Club, to say nothing of the many delightful lawns and gardens lining the river, were, as a consequence, fuller than ever of brave men and fair women. Then the house-boats made up in quality what they lost in quantity, especially charming being the decorations, the wealth of bright blossoms, outlining the gay little *Cigarette*, the more stately *Viscountess Bury*, and the Eastern-looking *Ibis*. As for the racing, of course the greatest victory was the carrying off of the Diamond Sculls by a Canadian, Mr. L. F. Scholes, of whom Toronto may well be proud. But the Etonians, always specially popular with the ladies who grace Henley with their presence, also did very well, the Ladies' Plate once more becoming the trophy of the Light Blue.

A Music-Hall Romance.

In one of the second-rate music-halls in Munich, a man named Franz von Koerber has been singing popular songs. He is no less a personage than the nephew of the Austrian Prime Minister, and has been cut off by his family for marrying a Viennese singer. He insisted on marrying the girl, in spite of the opposition of his family, and the consequence is that he has been disinherited and has had to earn his living by adopting his wife's profession.



THE COUNTESS TORBY, SHORTLY TO ENTERTAIN THE KING AT KEELE HALL
From a Painting by Tini Rupprecht.

High Feeling in the House.

Mr. Balfour insisted that a time-limit for the Bill should be fixed, in order that it might pass during the present Session, whereas the Liberals contended that there had been no obstruction to justify an interference with unlimited speech. Several animated attacks were made on the Prime Minister, and it was asserted that his Government was in the hands of the liquor trade. Two days and a half were spent on discussing what is called closure-by-compartments. That is to say, a Bill is divided into compartments, and the time for each compartment is fixed beforehand. A closure scheme on this basis was carried, and the task of the Government was simplified.

Reluctant Mr. Crooks.

Mr. Crooks, the Member for Woolwich, was anxious to protest in a dramatic manner against the closing of the Licensing Bill by compartments. At the final divisions he was very unwilling to leave the

House. "Better suspend meat once," he sorrowfully said to the Speaker. He had spurned the advice and resisted the persuasion of friends to go into the Lobby. It was a strange and pathetic scene: the Speaker in the chair, the clerks at the table, Mr. Crooks alone on the green benches, groups of other members watching at the doorways, and strangers and reporters looking down from the galleries. Mr. Crooks sat with his soft black hat on his head; the Speaker, in wig and gown, stood at the Chair. There was a thrilling little controversy between dignified Mr. Gully and the defiant Member for Woolwich, but at last the authority of the Speaker prevailed. Mr. Crooks rose reluctantly and followed his friends to the Lobby.

Whenever Mr. Churchill addresses the House of Commons the Unionists laugh and talk and make a noise. The average Ministerialist dislikes the late Lord Randolph's son more than any other man in the House. It is bad enough for a member without ancestors to change sides, and the crossing of the son of a former hero of Conservatism is past forgetfulness. Mr. Churchill, in turn, instead of propitiating his former friends, attacks them and gibes at them and exasperates them. He has almost become the storm-signal of the House, fulfilling a function discharged for many years by Mr. Chamberlain.

"Bob Reid." There is affection rather than familiarity in the shortness of the name by which Sir Robert Reid is usually known. Everyone in the House of Commons respects "Bob Reid," for, although his temper may be quick, his character is high, and he is always frank, courteous, and kindly. Sir Robert was Attorney-General in the last Liberal Government, and will have high office in the next. He offended some colleagues by his unpopular sentiments on the Boer War, but these have been almost forgotten, and all occupants of the front Opposition bench appear to work cordially together. Sir Robert Reid has taken a conspicuous part in criticism of the Licensing Bill, being pitted against Sir Edward Carson, the legal champion on the Government side.



LADY MARJORIE GORDON.

The late Sir William Rattigan.

Sir William Rattigan, whose death in a motor accident has shocked his Parliamentary colleagues, had a distinguished career as a Judge and Administrator in India. Two or three years ago, he won a seat in Scotland for the Unionists, but he did not take a very active part in the affairs of the House of Commons. His Indian career may have left him without a taste for prominence in Parliamentary debate. It is usually the case that the man who has obtained distinction outside plays an inconspicuous rôle inside the House of Commons.

This Week's Great Political Wedding.

There is always something particularly interesting about a great political wedding, for on such occasions Party disputes are forgotten in the desire to honour the happy pair. Fair Trader and Free Fooder alike wish the best of good luck to this week's bride, Lord and Lady Aberdeen's only daughter, who now becomes Lady Marjorie Sinclair. The popular couple elected to be married at St. Mary Abbott's, instead of

St. Margaret's, and Captain Sinclair, in lieu of selecting a "best man" from among his colleagues at St. Stephen's, chose his old friend and fellow Scot, Mr. David Erskine. Of the many bridesmaids may be singled out for special mention Lady Hermione Graham, one of the two daughters of the Duchess of Montrose, and Miss Jean Bruce, Lord and Lady Balfour of Burleigh's second daughter. Lady Marjorie Sinclair will be a valuable recruit to the thin ranks of Liberal hostesses. She has often helped her mother to do the honours of a great London house, as well as of their Aberdeenshire home, and though, like Lady Aberdeen, Lady Marjorie has always been given to good works, she is also in sympathy with the more frivolous side of Society, and is an exceptionally graceful dancer.

The St. John's College boat, which has done so well at Henley, was the most successful crew in the recent Summer Eights at Oxford. It started fourteenth on the river and finished up eighth, having made six bumps in the six nights. On the first night it bumped

Lincoln, on the second Jesus, and on the third Worcester and Exeter, as on that night it was in the position of sandwich-boat. On the fourth night it failed to catch Pembroke, but succeeded on the fifth night, and then wound up the races by bumping Merton on the last evening. With such an excellent record in the Eights, the College was quite right to have a try at the Thames Cup, and Mr. Sedgwick and his crew are to be heartily congratulated on their plucky attempt.

The Fate of Korea.

Near the city of Seoul, the capital of Korea, is a hill called Pouk Han, which was formerly covered with trees. The legend runs that so long as a tree remains on the hill so long will Korea maintain its independence, and, therefore, no one is allowed to cut or touch a tree. But the natural consequence of this want of forestry has been that the trees have gradually died off, until now only one is left. On this one tree it is believed that the fate of the country rests, and, when it goes, Korea as an independent State will go with it. The only question is, will the old tree be able to last until the official Japanese protectorate is proclaimed?



CAPTAIN JOHN SINCLAIR, M.P.

THIS WEEK'S GREAT POLITICAL WEDDING.

Photographs by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.

Lady Mackenzie of Coul.

Lady Mackenzie of Coul is one of the younger of Scottish hostesses. Her marriage to the holder of the oldest of Scottish baronetcies took place only three years ago. Lady Mackenzie of Coul is related to Lord Bangor, and her father, the late Major-General Wolstenholme Ward, was a distinguished soldier. Coul is one of the most delightful places in Ross-shire, not far from Strathpeffer, and there Sir Arthur and Lady Mackenzie often entertain parties of English friends.

British Visitors to Paris.

The British working-man, as represented by his delegates, and the Parisian midinette, as represented by herself, have been admiring one another heartily this week (writes our Correspondent), and "Les Trois Cent Trente," as, with the French delight in nicknames, my colleagues of the Paris Press call the three hundred and thirty working-men at play, have had a thoroughly enjoyable time. They have been out to Versailles and have slipped about the parquet floors on which Queen Marie Antoinette danced; they have been feasted in the Observatory at Meudon, been sung and danced to by the dainty amateurs who, unlike the intensely disagreeable ant and foolish grasshopper of old La Fontaine, not only work by day, but dance and sing in their spare time; indeed, if my eyes did not deceive me, a number of the unmarried men among them seemed in danger of losing their hearts to the fascinating little Parisian demoiselles on the boat-trip down the Seine to Paris.

But the chief glories of the visit were on the day when President Loubet received a number of them at the Elysée, and, half-an-hour later, Sir Edmund Monson, the King's Ambassador, welcomed them to the grounds and palace of the Embassy. I never saw the pretty old historic garden of our Embassy treated with such familiarity before, but, though the working-man did take his tea and pipe upon the grass, and smash a tea-cup here and there, Sir Edmund did not notice it and was delighted to see that he felt at home.



LADY MACKENZIE OF COUL.

Photograph by Esmé Collings, Bond Street, W.

Belgrade, where, he assures his former comrades, they will be welcomed right regally and right fraternally as well. It is, of course, the right fraternal business that contains the awkward hitch. The officers of St. Cyr have no wish to be fraternally received by those—shall we say those politically mistaken?—gentlemen in uniform who did King Alexander and his Queen to death, and, on the other hand, the etiquette of St. Cyr makes the wording of a refusal somewhat difficult. I fancy that, when the time comes, the awkward situation will be settled by the refusal of the Minister of War to permit the St. Cyriens the necessary leave of absence.

The "Leading Minds."

The "Leading Minds" of Great Britain must be a sore disillusionment to the ingenious American founder of "The Society of the 'Who's Who.'" This gentleman has made the startling discovery that there are five-and-twenty thousand "leading minds" in this country and in the United States, and is seeking to "bring them into accord for the greatest work in the world—the substitution of Peace, Plenty, Liberty, Justice, and Law for Militarism." As a bait there is offered "a new and higher Order of Nobility than any other that has existed since time began—one that will be the most desired Order in the world." "We must have a supporting fund at once," continues the would-be philanthropist, "for the work before us is ripe and at hand." Surely such a paltry consideration as the stipulation that each "Who's Who" shall subscribe annually one day's earnings "to the cause of world-liberty and peace as represented by the Society" did not prevent the presence of the "leading minds" at the meeting called recently, especially when the Committee chosen to organise the demonstration included the King, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and Lord Rosebery. Or is there more diffidence in the world than we wot of?

The Duchess of Montrose.

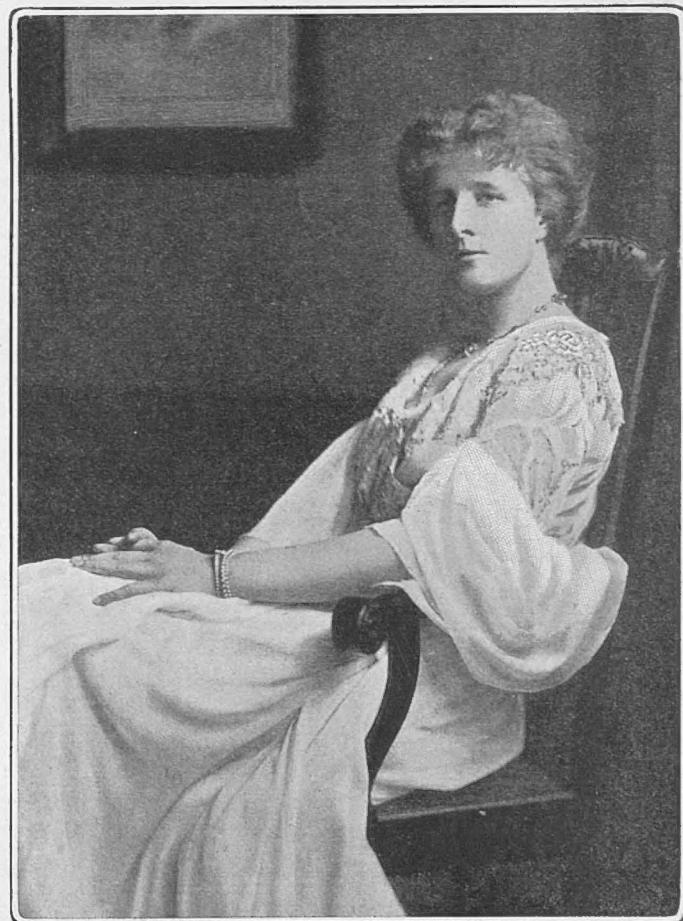
The Duchess of Montrose, who was one of a group of singularly beautiful sisters, the Miss Grahams of Netherby, has been called "the Uncrowned Queen of Glasgow." Since her marriage to the ducal owner of Buchanan Castle, her Grace has been associated with every good work carried on in the wealthy Scottish city, and close to her own picturesque home near Loch Lomond she has established a charming holiday-house where the slum-children of Glasgow enjoy a health-giving sojourn in the summer. The Duchess is the mother of four children—two sons, of whom the eldest, the Marquis of Graham, did splendid service in the late South African War, and two daughters who have inherited her beauty, of whom the youngest, Lady Hermione, was chosen to be one of the bridesmaids at the Gordon-Sinclair wedding. Her Grace will go down in the history of our time as having been one of the four Duchesses who carried the canopy over the Queen at the late Coronation.



THE DUCHESS OF MONTROSE.

Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

Miss Florence Chaplin, Lady Castlereagh's only sister, has a pleasant position in Society, for she is one of the most deservedly popular spinsters in the great political and social world. She is the only unmarried niece of the Duke of Sutherland, and she is still often chaperoned by the lovely Duchess. Like her cousin, Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, Miss Chaplin is a wonderful swimmer and an ardent supporter of the Bath Club.



MISS FLORENCE CHAPLIN, SISTER OF LADY CASTLEREAGH.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

Mr. Lee Hankey's Country Idylls.

From the bustle of Leicester Square to the quietude and serenity that the Leicester Galleries in no slight degree derive from Mr. W. Lee Hankey's "Idylls of the Country" is a pleasant transition on a hot day. The artist's intense sympathy for rustic scenes and country folk conveys something of a rural atmosphere to a locality where its purifying influence should be welcome. It is not merely in their sentiment but also in their technique that the present examples of his work command attention, for he has developed an extremely interesting method of dealing with water-colour, whereby, without the sacrifice of essential detail, he emphasises the limpidity of the medium and, at the same time, enforces the atmospheric quality and mystery of Nature's effects. These characteristics are specially to be observed in the twilight scenes, such as "The Road by which the Poor May Pass" and "Rest," and in the smoky air of a manufacturing town, whose sordidness is suggested by "The Everyday Life Goes On," with its group of hard-worked women. The collection is diversified by some pretty cottage-interiors, among which "Thirsty" and "Prayers" are notable. In most of the pictures are women and children, represented in homely and characteristic guise that accentuates the pervading rusticity. The largest picture, "It's the Child's Turn Now," is very

Tariff Reform.

At least one tariff reform has added to the gaiety of the nations. The United States Custom authorities, at a loss to classify the edible frog, have determined to tax it as poultry, on which there is a high duty. Beside this the British porter's theory that "cats is dogs, and rabbits is dogs, but tortoises is insects," lacks inspiration.

George Meredith Interviewed.

Mr. George Meredith has at last fallen victim to the interviewer, and, apparently, willing victim. There is something a little reminiscent of the new Swinburne "Preface" in the great novelist's pronouncement as to his work. "The English people know nothing about me," he has confessed to the *Chronicle*. "There has always been something antipathetic between them and me. With book after book it was always the same outcry of censure and disapproval. The first time or two I minded it. Then I determined to disregard what people said altogether, and since that I have written only to please myself." With regard to conscription he is of the opinion that fear of death is the real cause of the English objection to compulsory service: "Men come to me and say their trade would suffer, or they could not spare two years from their apprenticeship. Their real meaning is that they are afraid



Mr. Arthur Bourchier as the Bishop.

Miss Nancy Price as the Spinster.

Mr. Webb Darleigh as the Burglar.

A SCENE FROM "THE CONVERSION OF NAT STURGE," THE NEW ONE-ACT PLAY PRODUCED LAST WEEK AT THE GARRICK.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

pathetic, even painful, for a wayfaring woman lies dead in a green meadow, beneath the tree where she has rested, and her infant still sits beside her, in innocent bewilderment at its plight.

Trouser-Creases and an Advertisement.

The modern Beau Brummel's agitation at the statement that the King has abolished the fashionable back-and-front crease in the trousers in favour of others at the side and leg seam cannot really be of much moment. Were arrangements for such sartorial attentions as may now be rendered necessary as primitive in this country as they appear to be in certain parts of America, the exquisite might indeed find cause for genuine embarrassment. In Austin, Texas, says the *Tailor and Cutter*, which, having made its annual onslaught on the Academy portraits, has turned to the new question, an enterprising member of the craft has placed outside his store a large green barrel, bearing the alluring inscription, "Stand in Our Barrel while We Press Your Pants for 15 Cents." Imagine this in Savile Row!

A Close Time for Sparrows.

The harmless, necessary sparrow has proved so persistent a chatterer at Welbeck that it is to be summarily ejected before Mr. Chamberlain speaks there next month. If it had been a parrot now, or even a starling, things might have been different.

of being called out and getting shot at. So they pay others to do the killing and dying for them. Every manly nation submits to universal military service. In the present state of the world it counts among the necessities for safety." All of which does not argue a great belief in the valour of the Briton as an individual.

A War-Correspondent on Correspondents.

The determination of the Japanese to allow as little liberty as possible to the War-Correspondents at the Front or languishing in Tokio would have received the heartiest commendation of Archibald Forbes, provided always that he was not one of the number. Like many others, he saw the embarrassing situations an indiscreet Correspondent might create, and it was he who wrote: "Were I a General and had I an independent command offered me, I would accept it only on condition that I should have the charter to shoot every War-Correspondent found within fifty miles of my headquarters. The most careful Correspondent cannot write a sentence which the strictest Censor, if he is to pass anything at all, cannot refrain from sanctioning, that may not give a hint to the astute intelligence officials of the other side." Little wonder that the Japanese insist that their armies come from the skies, and that the message forwarded at the cost of much trouble and expense is apt to read: "General xxx who occupied xxx on xxx will shortly march to xxx with the troops of the xxx Division."

THE YOUNGER GENERATION: TWO DISTINGUISHED ACTRESSES.



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS VIOLA.

Photographs by West and Son, Southsea.

MISS MARGARET HALSTAN.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.



"Turn back? Nonsense! Why you've only sculled me five miles, and you call yourself a MAN!"

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

ON the days when I choose for my morning paper a journal that has been published in Paris, I am conscious that the *entente* is less cordial than it was. Last week, when I had left my train, to spend a few days at Brighton, I received a Paris paper in which a well-known writer waxed quite sarcastic at the expense of the Government of these happy islands. "Albion is at her old game," he remarked. "She has given France Morocco, which was always morally ours, and now demands that we should police and pacify it forthwith, that her precious commerce may not be interfered with." When I put the paper in my pocket and looked out across the pier, memory played me a sudden trick. In a flash I remembered how, a few years ago, I stood on the hills by the Kasbah at Tangier, overlooking the Mediterranean. The French publicist was by my side. "Ah, my friend," he said, "how can our two countries ever be united? Look round. Think of a quarter of a million square miles of benighted country that France waits eagerly to pacify, to civilise, to develop. Everything is in readiness. And she must hold her hand because your Downing Street is jealous."

"L'Affaire," like Pope's famous *Alexandrine*, still drags its slow length along, and the Paris papers suggest that several highly decorated lights of the Republic's Army are realising for themselves that *Damocles* really did have a bad time. One can but hope that they accept the truth of General Gallifet's recent utterance. "Nothing matters much so long as you maintain a good digestion" will serve as a paraphrase of the gallant old soldier's remark. There is more wisdom in this than meets the eye. The Army needs the sort of digestion that is credited to the ostrich in order to cope successfully with all the horrors that have been offered to it. If disgust at the endless stream of revelations were allowed to prevail, the loss of national self-respect would be immense. But, if the Army will retain its moral digestion and will watch unmoved the downfall of its worst

elements, the Dreyfus case may do some good service to the Republic after all.

I note with sincere regret that Dr. Theodore Herzl is dead. In the brief notices I have seen of his life and work, I can find nothing that recalls for me even faintly the splendid figure that has left the scene of labour so soon. It was my privilege to meet Dr. Herzl on several occasions, and I recognised the amazing gifts by which he attracted all sorts and conditions of men to work with single purpose at his side. After making a success as journalist and playwright, he was seized with the desire to take the Jews back to Palestine and restore to the Land of the Book some of its pristine glory. Wild as the scheme appears to us, it was a living possibility to Theodore Herzl and to some of Europe's leading men. Sultan Abdul Hamid received Dr. Herzl several times in Yildiz Kiosk, Kaiser William spoke encouraging words to him on the scene of his hopes and labours, the British Government offered a large part of the Uganda Protectorate for the Jewish State when it became apparent that political considerations made Palestine unapproachable for the present. With countless factions and conflicting interests Dr. Herzl strove hard and hopefully, but "man is one and the Fates are three," the end has come to the dreamer of dreams, and the world loses one of the noblest idealists that ever strove to lessen the burden of its suffering. *Requiescat.*

As I sat in my train scanning the brief paragraph that announced Dr. Herzl's death, I could not avoid the feeling that something is wrong with papers, the morning and afternoon variety alike. Herzl was dead abroad, and his death would lend additional sadness to millions of the saddest lives that the sun looks upon—the lives of the downtrodden Jews of Ghetto and Pale of Settlement. G. F. Watts was dead at home, a splendid, noble life of the kind that redeems its generation from insignificance.

But certain morning papers dismissed these mighty dead to obscure corners, and gave places of honour to steeplejacks who defy policemen, Messiahs of the Pigott and Dowie order, wrestling-men like Hackenschmidt, telegrams from the seat of war that contradicted one another violently and obviously, and cricketers who happened to be in good form. By the side of the man who had made a three-figure score on the previous day, G. F. Watts counted for nothing, and the steeplejack who laughed a policeman to scorn was seemingly greater than Dr. Herzl, who organised and led one of the most remarkable of modern movements for the regeneration of man.

Clearly, man sighs no longer for "a book of verses underneath a bough," even though midsummer goes piping through the woodland in fairest guise. The book of verses remains uncut, and man races over hill and dale, finding more music in the song of his car than in all the poet's work. Old Omar, could he return, must needs bring his verses up to date. Perhaps my modest little suggestion would help him—

A racing car, an extra tyre or two,
Smooth roads, clear skies, a little luck, and You
Beside me, hidden in a mackintosh,
I'd heed no summons from the man in blue.

The Coronation ceremonies and festivities that were to have taken place in Belgrade at the end of August have been postponed until the end of September, as it has been discovered, with suspicious suddenness, that the foreign diplomats are apt to flee the intense heat of the city during the former month. King Peter is evidently determined that the thermometer shall not baulk his desire to be fully recognised by the Powers. It now remains to be seen whether the diplomatis will find even September too warm for them to attend the functions.

THE "HANDY MAN" IN PORT ARTHUR.



SKETCHED (IN LONDON) BY OUR SPECIAL WAR-ARTIST, MR. RENÉ BULL.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE," "THE PASSWORD," AND MR. TREE'S SEASON.

THE "mixed team" performance of "Pelléas et Mélisande," whilst curious and interesting, hardly belongs to dramatic art, and Maeterlinck's play is of too high a value for such experiments. I do not think that anyone with true interest in drama can be satisfied with Bernhardt's now numerous performances in male parts.

Putting aside all but very rare cases, such matters belong essentially to the freak department; they are horribly unfair to the author, for, unless you can successfully make-believe that the woman personating a man is a man, the significance of the play disappears, and even in cases where you can make-believe successfully, there is an addition required to the sum-total or credulity necessary for belief in the play for which the author did not bargain. To me it appears that Mr. Tree made a deplorable error in his "Julius Cæsar" by causing the part of Lucilius to be played by a lady. Now I do not think that anyone was capable of making-belief that Bernhardt was a young man. Appearance, movements, and speech were against it. Consequently, the play suffered severely. No skill in acting could atone for this. Whilst watching her I was thinking with regret of Mr. Martin Harvey, quite an ideal Pelléas; it may be doubted, too, if the French artist played the part on

the correct lines. The curious sense of tragedy that marked the English actor was replaced in her case by melancholy, and she relied too much upon excess of reserve. Mélisande may creep through the play an almost shadowy creature, but Pelléas must seem real flesh and blood, or else Golaud will necessarily be out of the picture, for Golaud is strongly, painfully human.



MISS GRACE PALOTTA: A NEW PORTRAIT.

Taken by Lafayette, Dublin.

the correct lines. The curious sense of tragedy that marked the English actor was replaced in her case by melancholy, and she relied too much upon excess of reserve. Mélisande may creep through the play an almost shadowy creature, but Pelléas must seem real flesh and blood, or else Golaud will necessarily be out of the picture, for Golaud is strongly, painfully human.

"Mrs. Pat's" experiment, more successful than one expected, is less satisfactory than one hoped: her pronunciation of French was remarkably good, and yet obviously she was speaking a tongue foreign to her. One does not recognise an American's speech necessarily by pronunciation or emphasis, but by a peculiar quality of voice. Perhaps this is not the best way of explaining what I refer to. One may speak of "Mrs. Pat's" French as of a new instrument in an orchestra, playing exactly on the same system as the others but of a different timbre from all the rest. It gave a needless note of strangeness, undesirable in a play already so strange. The curious result was that her voice sounded far less beautiful than usual, and her acting, of course, was less apparently unconscious, yet her performance was delightful in many respects. The French Company, in two important cases, was decidedly strong. M. Decœur played quite admirably as the Golaud, a very difficult part, since there is always a risk of rendering the scenes too painful and destroying the balance of the play. Madame Germaine's

reading of the letter was an entirely perfect piece of acting. The child was applauded. I cannot stand French child-players. We produce a noteworthy number who seem less self-conscious than half the grown-up players, but the French children on the stage almost always seem entirely self-conscious, although often very clever.

Nevertheless, despite the drawbacks, I enjoyed the play even for the fifth time and during the least satisfactory performance. Parts of it still seem to me quite puzzling, some passages appear almost puerile, one scene, at least, is too obviously painful, yet the indescribable charm prevails. By some happy effort of genius the author has written what may be called a primitive drama—using the term "primitive" in its kindest sense. Apart from actual turn of language there is nothing to date the work. The lack of detail and precision lends a weird charm, remarkably enforced on its first appearance in London, when, at the Opéra-Comique, it was played behind a gauze curtain. The three late efforts to treat the love-story of "Paolo and Francesca," which, in essence, is identical as handled by the poets, seem utterly modern compared with Maeterlinck's play, and the old-world flavour appeals irresistibly. Even the puzzling scene of the servants in the last Act probably contributes usefully to the effect of the pathetic closing scene, though I do not know why or how. M. Gabriel Faure's music seems more beautiful each time one hears it, although it is wonderfully subdued and unobtrusive. It takes the colour of the play so finely as to appear to be part of it, and one is affected by it almost without listening or hearing.

The new comedietta at the St. James's is not exactly the one-Act play for which we are looking, though I think it will thrill a good many playgoers. Very often our three-deckers are one-Act pieces expanded. The case of "The Password," by Miss Alicia Ramsey and Mr. de Cordova, is the converse—a three-Act melodrama boiled down to forty minutes. The work has been done cleverly; the ingredients—such as the crafty Minister of Injustice at St. Petersburg, the beautiful woman spy who has fallen in love with the handsome Nihilist, and the conspiracy concerning which the police have only half-knowledge—are old. The story is hardly new, but there are novel twists and turns and vivid little pieces of business that caused the drama to hold the attention of the callous playgoer and excite the unaccustomed. There is clear evidence in it that the authors could produce something far more valuable than this condensed Sardou. It is curious that a subject apparently so prodigiously rich in dramatic elements as the political position in Russia should so rarely give birth to meritorious plays.

Of course, it has been handled dozens of times, and often by playwrights of great ability, yet the outcome is almost always conventional melodrama instead of tragedy, perhaps because the dramatists have sought for plots instead of characters, for situations and not for ideas. Possibly, too, by reason of the fact that in far too many cases the writers have not gone further in search of the plots and situations than to other plays on the subject. There is even a stereotyped way of representing the characters, of which Mr. Charles Sugden and Miss Vane give an excellent example in "The Password." They catch the spirit of the play perfectly and act with a good deal of force, and yet it seems at least imaginable that, with very little violence to the authors' views, a fresh and interesting treatment might be given by the players. It may be that I am wrong in this, and that a work containing anything so absurd as the speech of Pauline, in which she announces that she has cajoled his fatal secret out of her lover from pure love of art—as a spy, but does not mean to fulfil her bargain to her employer by disclosing it, must be treated in conventional style.

Mr. Tree's season came to a triumphant conclusion with his entertainment consisting of Acts from various plays given during the season, his performance in which certainly was very noteworthy as an exhibition of versatility and great ability in different styles. His speech showed confidence, well founded, I believe, in his power to hold his own against the competition of the non-legitimate and his faith in Shakspere, which is to be manifested by the production of "The Tempest." The charming performance of his talented daughter, Miss Viola, caused the audience to applaud heartily his announcement that she will undertake the difficult part of Ariel. The popularity of the actor-manager was well shown by the crowded house, which received enthusiastically his remarkable acting and the able performances of the excellent Company, many members of which seem to be under something like the permanent engagements that enable a management to give really admirable general presentations of serious drama.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
AN EFFECTIVE STUDY.

MISS ISABEL JAY, PLAYING IN "THE CINGALEE," AT DALY'S.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

“THE SKETCH” PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

TO be associated with one newspaper for over forty-one years is a record which probably gives Mr. J. M. Le Sage, the Managing-Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, an unparalleled position in the journalistic world of London. Mr. Le Sage had already won his spurs, during a brief career on the staff of the *Western Morning News* at Plymouth, when he came to London and was associated in a confidential position with the late Mr. J. M. Levy, the then proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph* and the father of Lord Burnham.

Mr. Le Sage's first work was of a generally descriptive character, coupled with some Parliamentary reporting, for which he had a special aptitude, as he was an exceedingly rapid shorthand-writer. Still, his Parliamentary reporting career was not long, though, among other work of interest, it devolved on him to take down the last speech Cobden ever made in the House.

If, with his great experience, Mr. Le Sage is asked what has been the most interesting development in journalism during his life, his answer is, the use of the telegraph for the purpose of the Press, for it is

city to the coast at three o'clock in the afternoon. They had a special steamer to meet it and a special train up to London. Mr. Le Sage tried to get a special train for the *Telegraph*, but the authorities refused to allow it. He found out, however, that he could get a train to Lille at four o'clock. This enabled him to remain with the German troops an hour longer than the *Times* Correspondent, so that he had more details to send; while, by making advance preparations for the wires to be waiting for his message, he enabled his paper to publish a midnight edition giving an account of the proceedings which had happened that afternoon in Paris. This same ability to look farther ahead than his rivals enabled Mr. Le Sage to get for the *Daily Telegraph* a full account in advance of everyone else of how Stanley found Livingstone.

Mr. Le Sage is one of the few journalists who have ever interviewed a Sovereign or an ex-Sovereign for the Newspaper Press. Some time after the Franco-German War there was a great meeting of the monarchs in Berlin. The ex-Emperor Napoleon was at Brighton, and Mr. Le Sage went down and asked if His Majesty would give his



MR. J. M. LE SAGE IN THE GARDEN OF HIS COUNTRY RESIDENCE, “MAISONETTE,” INGATESTONE, ESSEX.

Photographed for “The Sketch.”

that which has brought the newspapers up to their present position. In his early days there was practically no telegraphing at all.

When John Stuart Mill was standing for Westminster, Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, had to be in Tiverton, which he represented, in order to make a speech on the day that the election took place. Mr. Le Sage, on account of his skill in shorthand, was selected to report Lord Palmerston's speech. He left London in the morning and went down to Tiverton. As soon as he arrived at the hotel, Lord Palmerston sent and asked Mr. Le Sage to call on him, explaining that he was anxious to know how the voting was going in Westminster. Those were the days of open polling, and the returns were posted every half-hour or so, so that Mr. Le Sage was able to give the Prime Minister the latest returns which had been published before he left London. Alive to the necessity of getting his speech properly reported, Lord Palmerston asked when Mr. Le Sage was returning to town. When he learned that there was a train at five o'clock which would reach London about eleven, he said he would conclude his speech in time to allow Mr. Le Sage to get to the station. Mr. Le Sage transcribed his notes in the train, and next morning the *Daily Telegraph* published the verbatim report.

During the siege of Paris, Mr. Le Sage was quartered at Versailles with the late Mr. Beatty Kingston. In those days the only telegraphic communication between London and Paris was from Boulogne or Calais, and the Correspondents had to send their messages from Paris by courier or take them themselves. The day the Germans were to enter Paris, the *Times* arranged to have a special train run from that

views on the political situation. Stipulating only that whatever was written should be submitted to him, the Emperor consented.

How many of the public-spirited projects which have been initiated by the *Daily Telegraph* owe their origin to Mr. Le Sage's instinctive ability to seize the heart of a situation it would be difficult to say. Certainly Stanley's journey to Africa, which resulted in opening up what was then, in truth, “The Dark Continent,” was, in great measure, due to a conversation he had with the then representative of the *New York Herald*.

It was Mr. Le Sage who inaugurated the shilling funds which have been so popular a feature of the *Daily Telegraph*'s dealing with public events. One of these led to a quarter of a million sterling being raised for the widows and orphans of the soldiers and sailors who fell in the South African War.

No one who recalls the incidents connected with the late Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee can possibly forget the striking effect when, after driving through the streets of the Metropolis to render thanks to the King of Kings for the blessings which had been vouchsafed during a glorious career, Her Majesty, on returning to Buckingham Palace, touched an electrical key and thus sent a message to all the people of her Empire beyond the seas. The initiation of the idea was really due to Mr. Le Sage.

If there is one belief which Mr. Le Sage holds above everything else, it is that, while journalism should be as clever and bright as possible, extravagant sensationalism and vulgarity should be rigorously excluded.

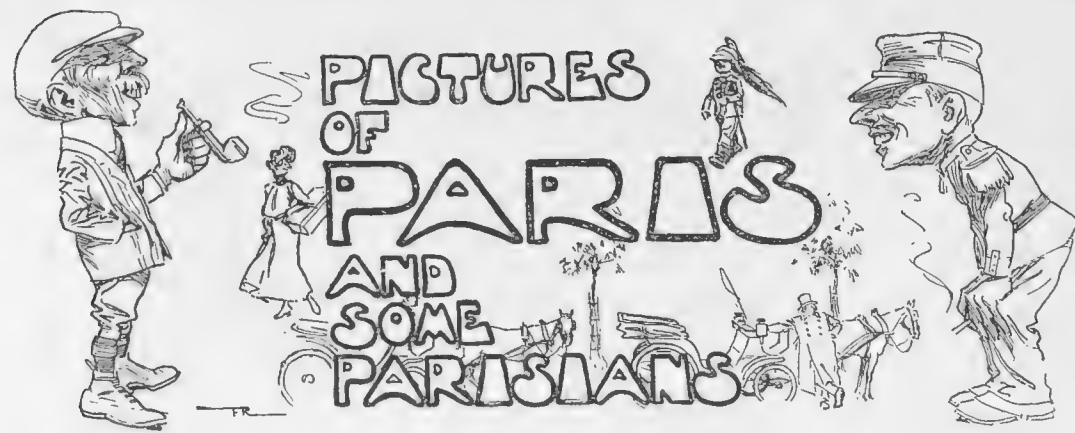
LXXXIV.—MR. JOHN M. LE SAGE.



MR. J. M. LE SAGE, MANAGING-EDITOR OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH,"

IN HIS DRAWING-ROOM.

Photographed for "The Sketch."



By JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

Illustrated by FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

V.—AT THE SIGN OF "THE SPRIGHTLY RABBIT"

WE were up in the Other Montmartre again, and stood on the brink of beyond, watching the lights wink in the bedroom windows of St. Denis below us, when the New Yorker cut short a learned disquisition upon the merits and demerits of France's buried Kings by asking the Vicomte whether there was no means of moistening so dry a discourse.

The Vicomte, if I may coin the word, dehistorised himself immediately, set his hat at the tilt it always gets when he knows he is going to surprise us, dived down a dangerous-looking alley, and, with a wave of the hand to a board that creaked over the doorway of a country inn which had apparently taken an air-ship cruise from Kent and dropped out upon Montmartre hill-top, "At the sign of 'The Sprightly Rabbit,'" said the Vicomte. "Behold, we enter." And we did.

We first fell down three much-worn steps into a stone-tiled kitchen, where *la maîtresse de céans*—a fat woman who, as the Vicomte whispered, never left Montmartre because, if once she got down the hill, nothing short of a traction-engine could ever get her up again—was dispensing drinks, helped by a pretty damsel of the buxom type, who bid fair to eclipse her mother's size one of these days.

But from the room above—that is to say, up four more steps—came sounds of fiddle, clarinet, and of piano, and up those steps we stumbled, the Vicomte first with Mademoiselle, the New Yorker, myself, and Harold following close behind them.

Before we quite got used to the inn-parlour's atmosphere—it was low-ceilinged and the vapour of Montmartre pipes is thick—someone had spotted us, or recognised the Vicomte, rather for, with a shout



Félix himself sings a sentimental ballad.

of welcome, one of the dirtiest men whom I have ever seen shot out of the smoke-haze and seized the small man's two hands in both his own.

And while the host—for this weird person in the corduroys, the dirty sweater, and the Breton *béret* was Félix, our host—patted the Vicomte and caressed him, murmuring those gurgles of semi-articulate delight which prove the Frenchman's genuine emotion, we had an opportunity of looking round.

Imagine an inn-parlour by the younger and the greater Teniers. Long tables down the centre of it, at which, on chairs and benches, sit a crowd compared with which the worst-dressed people in the Cabaret des Quatz'-Arts were, as far as appearance went, aristocrats; more tables round the walls, which Félix, dirty but most gifted and versatile of hosts, has decorated with a landscape painted on the whitewash; and in one corner a huge fireplace, sculptured with gargoyle by our host, from which the ashes of last winter's last log-fire occasionally diffuse themselves into the room, to give the atmosphere yet more consistency.

The window-panes are dressed in red-and-white checked petticoats, the door is open to the country, and in a corner are the piano and the orchestra, long-haired and white-faced incarnations of absinthe and wasted talents—the inevitable Montmartre story.

The violinist, a boy with the face of a half-fallen angel, made of putty, has just played a solo, and Félix finishes his patting of the Vicomte, settles us comfortably, and calls to the fat lady in the kitchen to send up *pichenettes*—brown jugs of white wine—for all of us.

"Eh, b'en, l'ami Henri!" he shouts; "recite thou something for us, then," and Henri complies.

As he steps up to the piano and looks round him, it is hard, at first, to say if he be boy or girl. His hair is long and curling, his face is beardless, and, though he is dressed in coat and trousers, they are of the kind a woman would assume for Carnival. He wears no collar, but, in its place, a black neckcloth is twisted round his throat, fixed by an imitation diamond pin which glitters like an evil eye.

Henri throws back his heavy locks, and, with a voice that leaves his sex in doubt no longer, thunders a Ballad of Revolt, a gruesome story of a starving workman's quarrel with the Christ upon the Cross, so startling, so desperate in truth to nature and starvation, and withal so horrible, that I am glad to notice that its precise meaning escapes Mademoiselle.

There is no applause when he finishes, but in a moment it bursts from the audience with a roar, and glasses, *pichenettes*, and pipes clatter on the tables in "un ban" for Henri—Clip-clap-clap! Clip-clap-clap! Clip-clap-clap! Cla-a-ap!—and loud demands for more.

And this time, with a poem of simple suffering he draws tears from all, and curses from a goodly number, and somehow we begin to realise what kind of man it is that makes a revolutionary outburst both possible and deadly here in France.

Then Félix himself takes the floor, and sings a sentimental ballad of his own, accompanying himself on the guitar. A song of Verlaine's follows, then a comic man whose fun is unoriginal and poor, and then, after a work-girl had sung two songs of the "Annie Rooney" type and been perfunctorily greeted in deference to her sex rather than to her talent, "l'ami Charles" stepped up to the piano. "Chanson de Misère," he said, in a hollow voice which made us jump, "Chanson de Misère, et"—his voice softened into sweetness—"de Pitié."

The man was yellow parchment, tightly drawn over two prominent bones and wrinkled in the drawing. His gleaming eyes were set back in their sockets, his black hair clipped his head like a skull-cap, his fingers were mere bones, his dress—and this struck strangely in that company—bourgeois and neatly unobtrusive.

His poem was of a little Breton beggar-child which dies of hunger by the roadside, haunts the tree-tops, and inspires a rich man to erect a hospital. It was just nothing but a tale of misery and all-too-tardy pity, and our hearts ached at the hearing and at the hopelessness of it.

"What does that fellow do when he's not here?" Harold asked Félix through the Vicomte.

"Sells socks and collars at the Bon Marché," was the reply.

Truly no foreigner can know Montmartre.



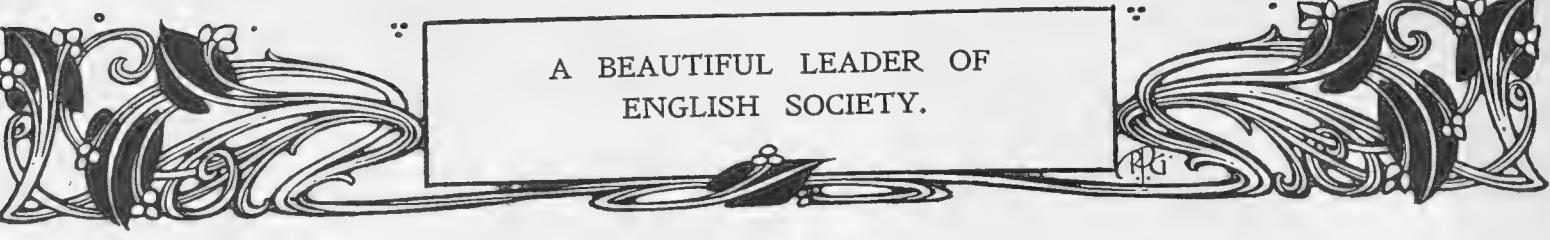
"L'ami Charles."

Pictures of Paris and Some Parisians.

By Frank Reynolds, R.I.



A RECITATION AT "THE SPRIGHTLY RABBIT."



A BEAUTIFUL LEADER OF
ENGLISH SOCIETY.

R.G.



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

A BEAUTIFUL LEADER OF
IRISH SOCIETY.



THE COUNTESS ANNESLEY.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THINGS are quiet in the publishing world, but a few new books are having good sales. I understand that among the new novels Mr. Winston Churchill's story, "The Crossing," has the greatest vogue. There is not the shadow of a doubt that this vogue is mainly due to the general belief that the author of "The Crossing" is also the daring young English politician. The American author, however, has merits of his own, though they would not carry him to the first place in this country. In the United States the best-selling story is "The Silent Places," by Stewart Edward White, and, so far as I know, this has not been republished in this country.

English journalists and newspaper-readers may be interested in some details of a political journalist's life in America. They are given in a very racy paper by Mr. E. G. Riggs, of New York, who stands in the front rank of his profession. Mr. Riggs takes the subject very seriously. First of all, he insists upon health as the prime qualification for a journalist. His question to the aspirant is, "How is your stomach?" According to Mr. Riggs, if that soul-satisfying organ

for the Presidency. President Harrison, the day before he left the White House, confided to Mr. Riggs his sufferings from newspaper paragraphs. He showed a number of letters containing clippings from newspapers which had criticised Mrs. Harrison's gowns, and he asked, "Was it her fault that she was compelled to come here and live in the White House? Did she ever desire to leave her home in Indianapolis? No, not at all. She came here as my wife, as the wife of the President of the United States, the President of all the people of the country, and just read those newspaper articles which sneered at her gowns, and which some kind friends had sent to her and which I found in her desk this morning." President Cleveland liked the newspaper man. He said, "I like all of the boys. They have treated me about as well as they could, and I have tried to treat them on an even keel, and, while I have never been called upon to question the integrity of a newspaper man, I am bound to say that very often I have been called upon to question their discretion." In this, I may remark, President Cleveland resembled Lord Milner. During the South African War, Lord Milner's practice was to put all the newspaper correspondents



PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1904: AS SEEN BY R. C. CARTER.—II. "A RESCUE AT DAWN."

With profound apologies to Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.

is not strong and in good working order, a man is almost utterly worthless in the newspaper field of political work. The next qualification is cleanliness. An alert and brilliant political reporter complained to Mr. Riggs that he was not getting on very well. Mr. Riggs replied, "You're clever enough, you're industrious and energetic, but I hope you won't take offence when I tell you that, in my opinion, a clean shirt is better than brains." Next, the political journalist must be honourable. He must never betray a confidence or break his word. Mr. Riggs knows of only two notable examples where political correspondents sat at the tables of important American statesmen and went away and betrayed the confidences of that table. What was the fate of those political correspondents? Oblivion quick and enduring.

Many of the notable political correspondents dine with Presidents, but you never read in the newspapers of what occurred at table. Mr. Riggs is now, however, free to speak of some experiences of his own. He saw tears rolling down President Arthur's face in the White House when, one day at luncheon, he told of his efforts to give the country a good Administration, and yet, because he considered himself to be only President Garfield's political legatee and heir, he was struck down by his former political associates and deprived of nomination

on their honour and then speak to them frankly, and I believe that he was betrayed only in one case. The traitor had so bad a character that nobody believed him even when he told the truth.

Mr. Riggs gives illustrations of the mischief that newspaper correspondents might do. When President McKinley was berated for not hurrying along the war with Spain, he told the correspondents, "I haven't got enough of that big brown powder on hand yet. We are pushing the mills as fast as possible." The correspondents gave a number of reasons for the delay in the war preparations, all truthful, but they neglected to give the real reason, which might have been too good reading for Spain and might have injured the cause.

In the United States newspaper men often become prominent in public life. Most of the Private Secretaries of the Presidents of the United States have been newspaper men, and newspaper men like James G. Blaine and John Hay have attained very great prominence in public affairs. But when newspaper men become politicians they cease to have influence in journals. I think there are signs that newspaper men will become more and more prominent in the political life of the British Empire, but I doubt whether they will be ready to abandon their influence as journalists.

O. O.

FOUR NEW NOVELS.

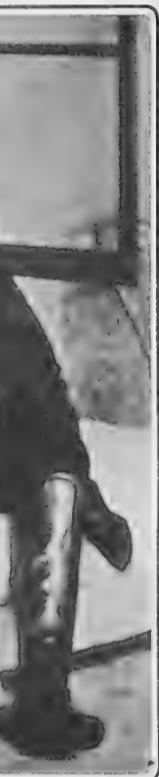
"BROKE OF COVENDEN."By J. C. SNAITH
(Constable. 6s.)

deserving of some reward. But it is a congested world, and few reap where many have sown. Here, for instance, is a novel of prodigious cleverness. Mr. Snaith, of course, has already made his mark; and we feel that he has put his whole strength into this modern romance. Now "Broke of Covenden," as a work of art, is far from being faultless. The author hardly cares to deny that he has been influenced by an author who is worth imitating; he does not hesitate to express resentment towards some reviews, and one in particular; he has invented, or cultivated, certain tricks of style which irritate and annoy. But he has told a remarkable story. To use one of his pet words, he is "forthright" to a degree. On the cover of the book is a picturesque representation of a broken peacock's-feather. That peacock's-feather, the emblem of humbled pride, is finely symptomatic of Mr. Snaith's theme.

He gives us the life-history of a country squire, cursed with poverty and an exaggerated sense of his own importance, and doubtfully blessed with six plain daughters and a son of the average military type. Among these individuals and their satellites, their friends, and their enemies, Mr. Snaith's Gods of Irony play rare games and make extraordinary havoc. In the background, a group of characters, rags, mostly, picked out of the aristocratic rubbish-basket, contribute to the story, which they enliven by their humanity, contemptible though that is often made to appear. And when Mr. Snaith, dropping the rôle of showman, allows his characters to act and speak for themselves, he moves us by the tragic nature which often inspires things as they are. Though there is something in these six hundred pages we could wish away, we are glad to see a rising author putting such pains into his work, if only because it proves that the days of decadence are not yet. "Broke of Covenden" is a sane and brilliant story.

"THE CROSSING."
By WINSTON CHURCHILL.
(Macmillan. 6s.)

failed to do so is less surprising than that he has so nearly succeeded. Had the latter part of his novel equalled the first he would have done so. Nothing could be better than the chapters dealing with the pioneer and settler in Kentucky, nothing more finely descriptive than the narrative of the desperate fighting in the border forts and of George Rogers Clark's march against Hamilton the Ha'r Buyer. Admirably written as it is, the remainder of the story lacks the fascination of that which precedes it. The eerie glory of the woods, the weary trail, the persistent outrages of the Indians, the desperate advance to Kaskaskia and through the swamps to Vincennes remain in the memory where even the tragedy of Mrs. Temple hesitates to stay. David Ritchie, who tells the story, shines, in fact, less as a man than as a boy, less as a sentimental and politician than as a soldier. Mr. Churchill has sought to fill too large a canvas too minutely. None realise it better than he himself. "This book has been named 'The Crossing,'" he writes in his



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF COUNT TOLSTOY.

In an impatient age it would have been a feat indeed had Mr. Winston Churchill held the attention of his readers through nearly six hundred closely-printed pages. That he has

Afterword, "because I have tried to express in it the beginnings of that great movement across the mountains which swept resistless over the Continent until at last it saw the Pacific itself. The Crossing was the first instinctive reaching-out of an infant nation which was one day to become a giant. . . . The name, 'The Crossing,' is likewise typical in another sense. The political faith of our forefathers, of which the Constitution is the creed, was made to fit a more or less homogeneous body of people who proved that they knew the meaning of the word 'Liberty' . . . It was a difficult task in a novel to gather the elements necessary to picture this movement: the territory was vast, the types bewildering." Yet he essayed the task—the work of three years—and it is little wonder that he has fallen short of complete success.

"THE AMBLERS."By B. L. FARJEON.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

In his last work, the late Mr. B. L. Farjeon has called to his aid the familiar spirits of domestic drama as provided for the provinces.

The spirits have duly appeared, but they have not stood their summoner in good stead. Had they behaved themselves decently and at least made an attempt to adapt themselves to the times, all might have been well; as it is, they have chosen to remain simply themselves, and the result is an uninspired, novelettish novel in which nothing is left to the imagination. Plot and characterisation are alike commonplace. David Ambler plays Benedick to Margaret Delmore's Beatrice; both actor and actress make a great "hit," and, being ultra-emotional persons, fall in love with one another at first sight. Then, enter the villain of the piece, a dissolute old Peer who pretends devotion for the heroine, and, after her marriage to the hero, instils "a creeping poison into his remarks," with the conventional aim and consequences. Margaret, on the strength of circumstantial evidence that is not altogether damning, believes that her husband is unfaithful, and leaves him; David, also being stupid enough to satisfy the requirements of the author, thinks his wife a wanton, and goes in search of her in order that he may take possession of their child. The pair do not meet, but the child comes into the man's hands. Then, as the play-bill has it, eighteen years are supposed to elapse. David Ambler's fall has been as meteoric as his rise, his reason is wandering and his only comfort is his daughter. Outside the Amblers' house a Gipsy woman sits, "a pensioner of the poor," and when the aforesaid daughter is taken ill, she prays all night in the street for her recovery. Then the reader's suspicion becomes certainty, and he can safely predict that the beggar is Margaret in disguise, that husband and wife will be reconciled, and that they will again play Benedick and Beatrice together. In writing this episode in the lives of "The Amblers," Mr. Farjeon evidently had the Crummles family in his mind, but his work shows scarce a sign of the art of the older novelist, and remains, in consequence, merely diluted Dickens.

"THE CHALLONERS."By E. F. BENSON.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

"Typically Bensonian" must be the verdict on Mr. Benson's latest excursion into the realms of fiction. It is not merely that the circle of "The Challoners" includes a considerable number of people who could never have lived outside the author's imagination, but that his own individuality, his own life-history even, have been allowed to colour these vivacious pages first and last. We all know that Mr. Benson is an Archbishop's son, that he is a Cambridge scholar, that the name of Martin has for him a peculiarly sacred interest, that he lives (and plays golf) at Winchester, and that he is not the least among our literary authorities on music. All these things are woven into the story of "The Challoners," where many reflective readers will find an answer to the question: "What became of Dodo?" She is here, in the person of Lady Sunningdale, re-incarnated. Her habits are intimately described, not without humour, and, as in the earlier case, the lady's spirits are never permitted to flag. Lady Sunningdale was a lady "who made up for her lack of walking by talking." Certainly she provides plenty of laughter; sometimes, indeed, a little too much, for a character who is so clearly designed to afford "comic relief" is hardly wanted in the foreground. Lest, however, we seem to be carping, we hasten to say that Lady Sunningdale, with all the other characters, is credited with a heart. Very admirable is the delineation of the father of the hero, himself in a sense the hero of the book. Mr. Benson's problem is the old one of rebellion against parental discipline. Martin Challoner is an artist to the finger-tips: he hates the conventional academic view of things, and he rebels. So also with Helen, a charming figure, happily idealised. What came of the rebellion of son and daughter the reader must learn for himself. It is an admirably written story, given as by a man who thinks, feels, and observes; who expresses himself with a brilliancy which never fails him, yet does not spare us the sometimes bitter truths that belong to the life he is depicting.

THE HUMOURIST IN THE STREET.

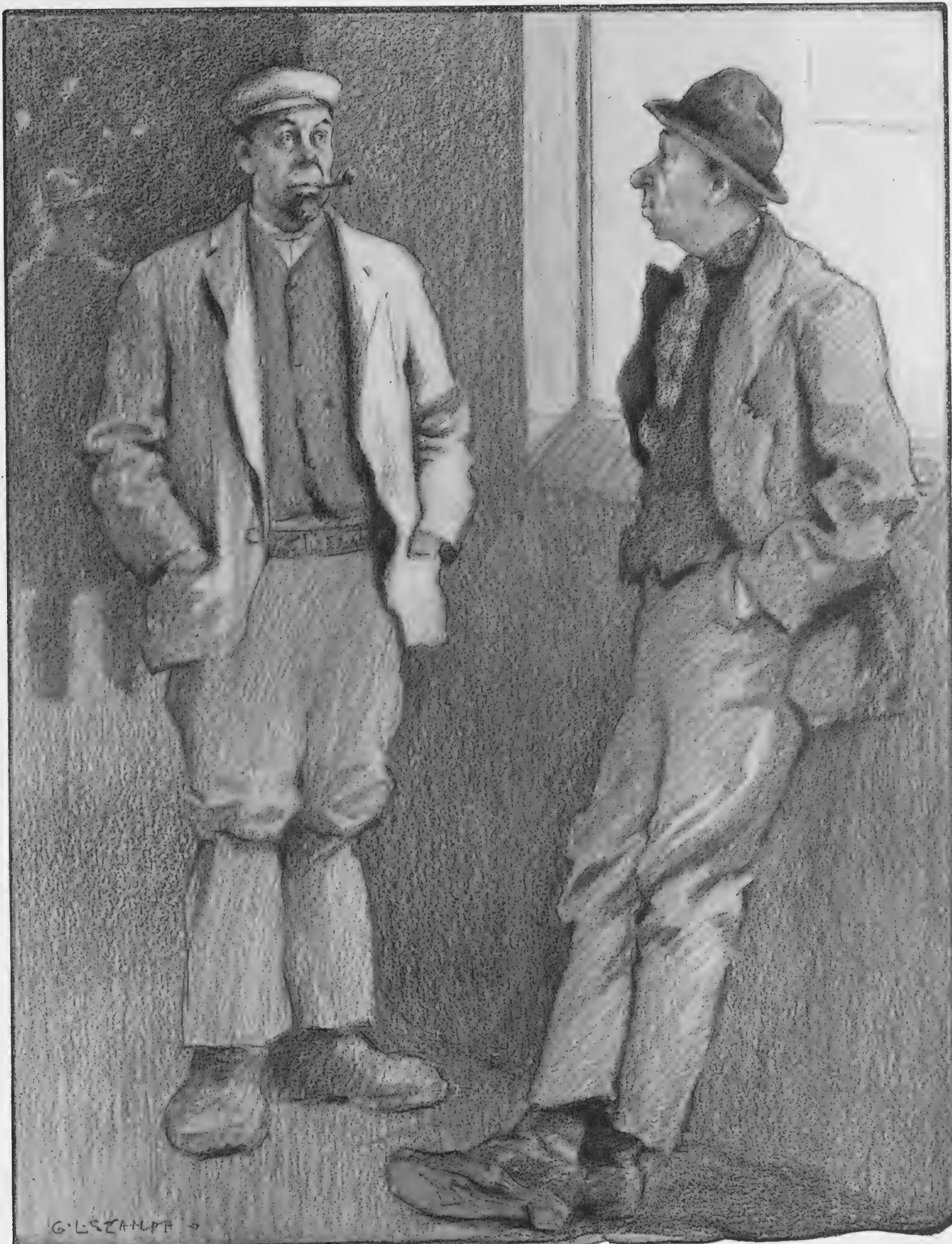


"Now then, Bunny, keep your 'ead in the rabbit-'utch! You won't get no lettuce to-day."

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.

THE HUMOURIST AND THE BRITISH WORKING-MAN.

(WITH ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO "THE PEOPLE.")



"Wot's up, Bill?"
"Got a splinter in me 'and."
"W'y don't yer pull 'im out?"
"In me dinner-'our? Not 'alf!"

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



SISTERS.

DRAWN BY OSCAR WILSON.

A NOVEL
IN
A NUTSHELL.

BERTIE AND REVENGE.

BY

JOHN WORNE.

"WHAT is this?" said Bertie, passing through the hall and meeting Samson carrying a letter on a tray.

"A note, sir, for Mrs. Pilkinghame."

"From whom?"

"I do not know, sir; the messenger had not looked inside."

"Take a week's notice," said Bertie, "for impertinence."

"Very good, sir," said Samson.

Bertie took the note and examined it, with a frown. It was a delicate envelope and there was a neat little crest on the back. He went into the drawing-room, where Eva sat toying with pleasant thoughts of the things to be done now they were back in London.

"Madam," he said, "I have here a note for you."

"Thank you, dear." She held her hand out for it. "Is it exciting?"

"You are expecting no answer to anything?"

"No, not that I remember. Why so mysterious?"

"I am not mysterious. I know the handwriting of this note."

"Whose is it?"

"Lord Robert Dalmainham's," said Bertie, sternly. "And the matter is made practically certain by the crest, which is also his."

"Don't be silly," said Eva. "Let me have it."

"As your husband, I propose to exercise my right of reading it first."

"You will do nothing of the kind. You can't exercise the right."

"And why not?"

"Because it doesn't exist. And if it did, I wouldn't let you."

"Wrong both times," said Bertie, drily. "It is obvious that it is the right and the duty of the husband to see any letter which his wife objects to his seeing. The rest don't matter much."

"That is one of the rest," said Eva.

"Then I may as well read it, as you have given your permission."

"I have not given permission," Eva replied, hotly, "and I am not going to be caught by your silly dilemmas. Give me the letter."

He turned it round about in his fingers and sniffed it.

"When, further, the letter is from a man and an ass, the duty becomes doubly imperative. Lord Robert Dalmainham is a man—and an ass."

"Bobby is nothing of the kind—I mean, not an ass."

"You only confirm my suspicions."

"If you open that letter," said Eva, furiously, "I'll—I'll—"

"You'll what?" He paused with his thumb in the envelope.

"I'll—I'll—I shall be very, very angry."

Bertie screwed up his forehead and thought hard.

She saw that the blow had told. He handed the note with submission, and, snorting sweetly yet triumphantly, she opened it herself.

"Oh!" she said. It was a cry of indignation.

He walked away.

"Oh, the impudence! Just look at this!"

He stopped and looked round.

"Your correspondence has nothing to do with me."

"Don't be silly; this has. Look."

He came back and took the note reluctantly.

"Do you suggest that I should read it? I understood that—"

"Yes, but I never imagined there would be anything wrong."

He read it in silence. Only the clock ticked, and a heavy footstep on the pavement outside suggested thoughts of doom and such things. It ran: "Ask me in some time when he's out.—BOBBY."

Bertie leaned against the table. His face was set.

"This fellow," he said, in a low and terrible voice, "evidently belongs to the 'smart set.' He does not begin 'Dear Madam,' or end with 'Yours faithfully.' He is steeped in sin and scandal."

"But that isn't the worst," said Eva.

"No, you are right. The suggestion is, I suppose, that he is to come here at your invitation, at a time when it is known that I will be out of the way."

"It is more than a suggestion," said Eva.

"You are right; he puts it in not quite so many words."

He picked up a poker and gripped it firmly, in a reflective way.

"Well?" said Eva, wrathfully.

He replied, with calm deliberation: "You will answer this dog."



"I won't! I will never have anything more to do with him."

"Get a pen, a piece of paper, and some red ink."

"I tell you I won't!"

"Then I shall have to imitate your writing and run the risk of forgery. Who will protect you from this viper when I am in prison?"

"There is no red ink," said Eva.

"Black will do, if it is very black. Now write as follows."

He tramped up and down the room, and knocked a book off a table to heighten the effect. Eva dipped a pen.

"Write 'To-night at eight. All safe.'"

"But that wouldn't be true," said Eva, "unless it really is going to be safe for him."

Bertie stopped. "You are right," he said. "Scratch out 'all safe.'"

"I haven't written it yet."

"Then write it and scratch it out."

"But if he sees that he will suspect something."

"How you do see things! Put 'The risk is yours.'"

"Oughtn't it to be 'thine'?" It sounds more languishy."

"Thine, oh, thine be the risk," if you like," said Bertie.

"That looks lovely," said Eva.

"And just the kind of thing you would be likely to write."

"That's not fair. Did I ever write anything of the kind to you?"

"I am not Lord Robert Dalmainham, and never was."

"I have behaved perfectly, when I might have hidden this note and asked him to tea, and you go saying things like that."

"Darling, I apologise. The baseness of this abandoned specimen of an effete peerage has unhinged me. Now sign your name."

She returned to her pen, and signed.

He took up the note and read it over. "To-night, at eight. Thine, oh, thine be the risk.—Eva." That ought to do it."

"But suppose he's engaged to-night?"

"He won't be—with this before him," said Bertie.

He rang and ordered the bait to be taken by hand.

Eva was thoughtful. "Don't let us play him too horrible a trick, dear."

"Trick!" said Bertie. "No trick. Death—in several of its most appalling forms."

Lord Bobby entered cheerfully. Eva shook hands in silence.

"Hallo!" he said to Bertie. "You here?"

Bertie raised his eyebrows.

"I—I mean, how are you?"

Bertie bowed slightly, but neither he nor Eva spoke any word.

"Had a good honeymoon?" said Lord Bobby.

"As good as could be expected," said Bertie.

Lord Bobby looked a little surprised and felt that the subject ought not to be pursued further.

"I—I'm sorry," he stammered, vaguely; "er—mean, I'm glad."

"Thank you very much," said Bertie.

Lord Bobby waited for Eva to suggest something to talk about, but no help came.

"Must be a relief to get back to town and see people again."

"Some people," said Bertie.

"See some people," Lord Bobby repeated, helplessly. They suffered another pause. Bertie and Eva gazed stonily at the window.

"Gad!" thought Lord Bobby; "is it so serious as this? They might make some attempt to conceal it in the presence of strangers."

He had an idea. He would sink his own feelings and reconcile the pair. Eva might not thank him, but his duty was clear.

"Look here!" he said, suddenly. They looked. "What on earth are you letting me sit here for, making an ass of myself?"

"I can accept no responsibility for—," Bertie began.

"Shut up! Either I'm a stranger and you ought to keep up appearances, or I'm an old friend and entitled to know what is the matter. Just talk it over with me and we'll put everything right."

Bertie looked at Eva, and Eva looked at Bertie. Their faces remained impassive. Lord Bobby got up impatiently.

"Well, you can settle it yourselves. I'm going. I hope you'll recover before you ask me to dinner again."

Bertie seemed to wake up. "No," he said, "don't go. You shall know what is the matter, as an old friend."

Lord Bobby looked towards Eva. "Yes," she agreed; "don't go."

He was relieved to hear her voice. He sat down again. "It is very good of you to press me to stay."

"It is," said Bertie. "We do. As an old friend, read that."

He handed to Lord Bobby the offending note. Lord Bobby recognised it, and his face fell.

"Read it," said Bertie. Lord Bobby read it and stroked his upper lip with a thumb and forefinger. He uttered a little, artificial cough. Not that he had a cold. There was a long silence.

"S'pose one of us has got to die," he said at last, regretfully.

"S'pose so," said Bertie. "Do you mind which?"

"Not a bit. Do we toss? Double or quits?"

"What is double and what are quits, under the circumstances?"

Lord Bobby did not reply. His wits were wandering in search of a plausible explanation of that note. He felt that it was an indiscretion. Also there was Eva's reply to be considered. Poor Eva!

The announcement of dinner came as a relief. He offered Eva his arm. She took it. Bertie took his other arm, and they marched him in between them tenderly.

"Then I may suppose that all is forgiven?" he asked.

"We bear no malice," said Bertie.

Lord Bobby cheered up and sat himself down.

"Speaking of patent-medicine advertisements—," said Eva.

"We weren't," said Lord Bobby. "Heaven forbid!"

"—isn't it curious," she went on, "how you think you feel all the symptoms they insist on pointing out?"

"You needn't," said Lord Bobby. "Tell me about the honeymoon."

"I happened to see one this afternoon, and I had that tired feeling all over me before I got half-way through it."

"No, really?" said Lord Bobby, his spoon in his soup; "and was the weather all that could be desired?"

"I have heard," said Bertie, "of a doctor who knew so much—"

"Devonshire is a very pretty county," said Lord Bobby.

"—about his own inside—," Bertie went on, sadly.

Lord Bobby dropped his spoon.

"Look here, if you're going to talk about things of that kind, I'm going home. I can't stand people who go into details at dinner."

"We were not intending to do more than discuss it generally."

"I shan't discuss it at all," said Lord Bobby.

Bertie appeared to be thinking. After a few minutes, he asked, "Do you notice any unusual taste in that soup?"

"No," said Lord Bobby. "It is very pleasant soup."

"Good," said Bertie. "The chemist assured me it was tasteless."

Lord Bobby dropped his spoon again and looked up with a start.

"That what was tasteless?"

"The stuff he gave me to put in it."

Much emotion passed over Lord Bobby's face. He looked at Eva. She was absolutely calm. He studied the faces of the servants. They were impassive. Then he grinned, though a little feebly.

"Ha, ha!" he said, and went on in a half-hearted way with the soup. "Quite so; it does not affect the taste in the least."

"You are sure you put it in?" said Bertie to the butler.

"Yes, sir," said the butler. Lord Bobby chuckled.

"It is rather interesting stuff," said Bertie. "It was made, I'm told, from a prescription invented by a little-known tribe of North American Indians, who use it instead of Old-Age Pensions on those who are too old to work. Take a little more soup?"

"Er—no, thank you," said Lord Bobby. "Does it hurt?"

"I believe not, but that's what I want you to tell me."

"There may be differences between my constitution and that of an aged Indian."

"Of course there may. That is the interest of the experiment, for it is an experiment, of course."

"I quite understand that," said Lord Bobby, proceeding boldly with the fish. Bertie did most of the conversation.

"That sauce that you are now eating," he said, "contains a very fine specimen of a rather rare poison which I heard of from a man who had travelled a good deal in Central Africa. It has a slightly pungent taste, I'm told, but I believe it is not unpleasant."

Lord Bobby tried to persuade himself that there was not a slightly pungent taste upon his tongue and said cheerfully that there was.

"It is rather similar to the other in its symptoms—"

"I'm glad," said Lord Bobby; "I never mix my symptoms."

"Wise," said Bertie, "very wise, at your age. The chief one is an overpowering yet gradual drowsiness, with a slight throbbing about the temples. Have a little more fish?"

"Thank you, no," said Lord Bobby. "I suppose I shall see you on Thursday at the Duke's?"

Eva, who was addressed, replied that she really didn't know.

"But I thought you would be sure to be going."

"Oh, yes; we are going."

Lord Bobby was silent a moment. "If she is playing this silly game, too," he thought, "I can soon stop that."

He took her reply from his pocket carelessly and looked at it, as if to see whether it was his invitation to the Duke's. He laid it down for a moment, so that she could not help reading the address, while he consulted other envelopes. He put them all back, and looked at her with a little smile. Of all this Bertie seemed to see nothing.

"I suppose," said Lord Bobby, "that you developed huge appetites down in the country?"

He felt that his conversation was unusually jerky. Besides, he had driven his motor a hundred miles in the course of the day, and found it increasingly difficult to resist a slight feeling of drowsiness and a certain throbbing about the temples.

"Our appetites," said Bertie, solemnly, "were good. And yours?"

"Oh, pretty well, thank you. When do we get on with the dying?"

He laughed merrily. Not very merrily, however.

Bertie consulted a note-book.

"What you have already had is rather slow in its operation. It may not take full effect for five or six hours. But this, now—"

The butler was handing round the chicken.

"You put that powder in his Lordship's sauce?"

"Yes, sir."

"Right. This is an interesting white powder which operates in an hour or two. You will take a little?"

Lord Bobby grinned feebly, and took some.

"You will have a curious tingling sensation at the ends of the fingers, which will gradually spread up the arms till the whole system is pleasantly affected."

"Thank you," said Bobby, attacking the chicken with a determination intended to conceal the fact that he was not nearly so hungry as he might be, which was absurd, for he knew perfectly well that it was a joke.

He managed to discuss a theatre in a disconnected way for about ten minutes. He could not draw his mind away from the fact that his fingers were tingling curiously at the tips, and the drowsiness was becoming oppressive. If he hadn't known it to be a joke—

He mopped his forehead surreptitiously. Eva noticed it.

"Would you like the windows open?" she asked, sympathetically.

He murmured something about the weather and the windows were opened. He was angry at his foolishness. He caught Eva smiling at Bertie, and was astounded at her audacity. Revenge!

He refused to eat any more. They were deeply grieved. He was polite but quite firm. Bertie told a funny story about Cæsar Borgia, and Eva justified the behaviour of Eleanor in that matter of Rosamond. In fact, they began to get more talkative, and Lord Bobby in his turn sat glum, nursing a great resolve. The servants left the room.

Bertie stopped short in a disquisition on the nature of rattlesnakes.

"Try this glass of sherry," he said. "You will admire the flavour."

Lord Bobby pushed back his chair and got up.

"Look here, joke or no joke, this is a deuced bad joke!"

"My dear fellow," said Bertie, persuasively, "I wouldn't annoy you for the world!"

"It's a low trick, and I'm not going to stand it any longer."

"But you've known all along that it's not really—"

"Of course I have. But—but—hang it, I am getting sleepy, and my fingers are tingling, and my head is throbbing like—like—"

"Like a motor-car," Eva suggested.

"And you've been helping in it all. You seem to forget things."

He returned to Bertie.

"You've had your turn and now I'm going to have mine. You can think yourselves lucky I didn't let it all out before the servants."

"All what?" said Bertie, fiercely. "Is there something here I didn't know of?"

Eva turned away and hung her head.

"Woman!" said Bertie, "what does this fellow mean?"

Eva gave Lord Bobby an appealing glance.

"No," he said, "you were found out by him, so you thought you would escape suspicion by helping to make a fool of me." He attacked Bertie again. "You thought that you and she were enjoying yourselves. You didn't know of this." He took out Eva's note. "Who's been made a fool of now?"

Eva, with a stifled scream, tried to seize the fatal document.

"Give it to me!" said Bertie, with a hoarse roar.

"Don't be in such a hurry," said Lord Bobby, maliciously. "You've wrecked my appetite: now I proceed to wreck your happiness. And I don't care what happens to either of you. And I hope you'll tingle at the ends of your fingers and all over the system."

Bertie leapt upon him and seized the letter. Eva, overcome by emotion, sank into a chair and covered her face with her handkerchief.

Lord Bobby backed towards the door. He surveyed the scene with ill-concealed joy. There is this to be urged for him: they had made him very angry. Bertie tore open the note and read slowly: "To-night at eight. Thine, oh, thine be the risk.—EVA."

There was an awful pause. Eva's shoulders were heaving. Bertie crumpled up the note and buried his face in his arms on the table. From an overturned wine-glass a dark stream trickled down the table-cloth on to the floor.

Lord Bobby drew himself up. This was a moment to live for.

"That's all right," he said. "Now I'll leave you to think it over. That's where I score. Bye-bye!"

Eva exploded. Bertie joined her. They were almost speechless in sheer, unaffected, childish delight.

"When we—when we—wrote that—we never thought it would be—it would be—half so good as this!"

"Poor Bobby!" gurgled Eva, wiping her eyes.

Lord Bobby's face dropped. "Well, I'll—"

Abruptly he left the room. Then he put his head in again.

"Yah!" quoth he. "As a matter of fact, my note wasn't meant for her. I put it in the wrong envelope. Good-night!"



MANY tried favourites of the public will be conspicuous by their absence from London in the autumn. Both the actor-knights will be among the absentees, for Sir Henry Irving is to give to the provinces the exhibition of that supreme talent which he denies to London, and he will be again accompanied by Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, who has been re-engaged to act with him. Sir Charles Wyndham, with Miss Mary Moore and the other members of his Company, are to go to America, where they will play "David Garrick" and "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace," while Mr. E. S. Willard and Mr. Martin Harvey will both continue their round of the leading towns, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are also to be away, the former in America and the two latter on tour.

The withdrawal of "Mice and Men" from the stage of the Duke of York's on Saturday evening brought Mr. Forbes-Robertson's season to a conclusion at an earlier date than was anticipated. It also shows how ill-disposed the public is to extend favour to a play which has had a very long run until, at least, something more than a year or two has elapsed since it was last seen. A shining example to the contrary may, perhaps, be pointed to in the case of "The Liars," but "The Liars" is a play which will unquestionably be a classic, and will probably stand in the same relation to the drama of the nineteenth century as "The School for Scandal" does to the eighteenth.

Meantime, Mr. Forbes-Robertson will take a short holiday preparatory to starting on his provincial tour in September, which is preliminary to his return to America a couple of months later.

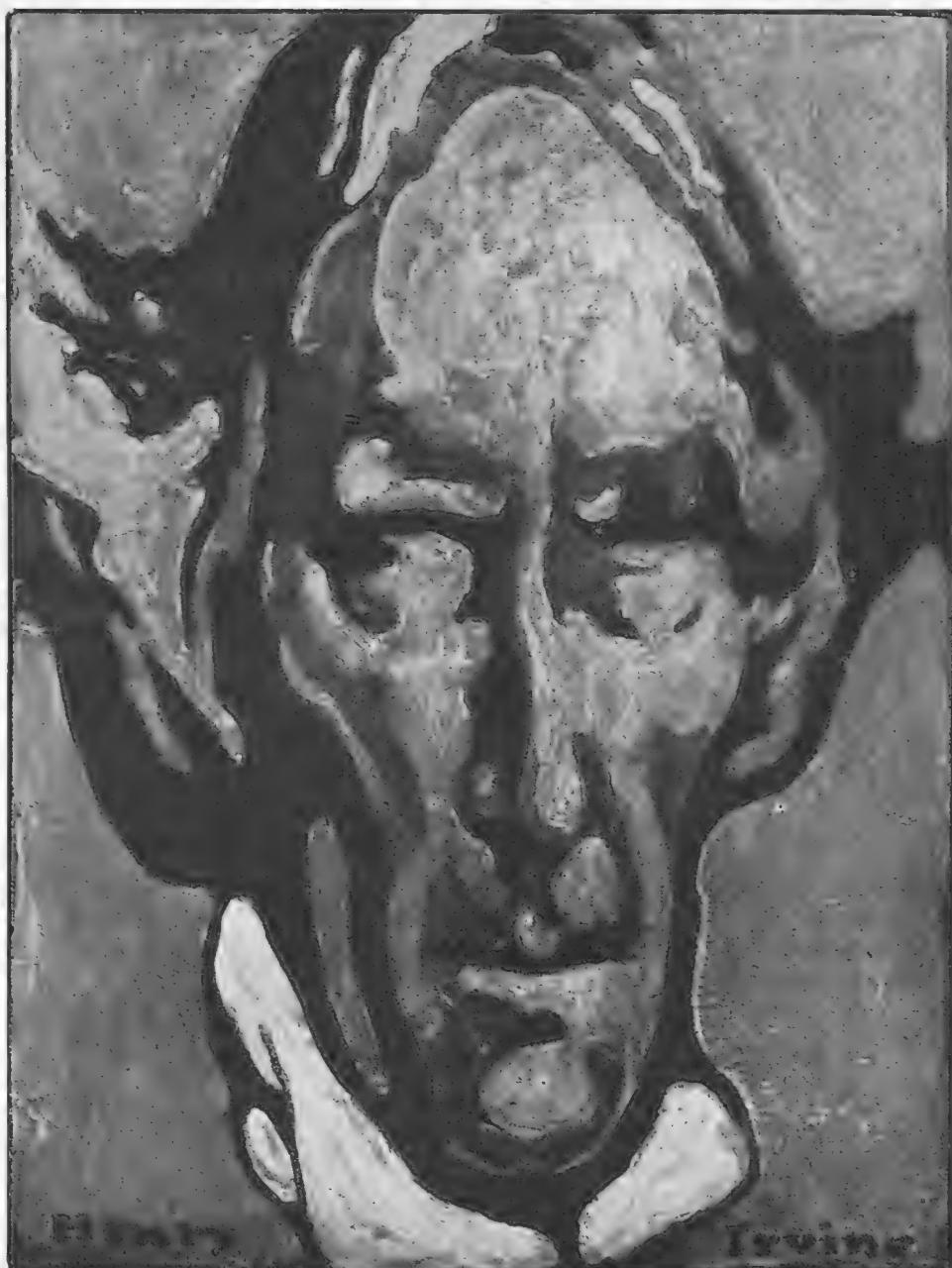
The production next Tuesday of "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," Mr. Gilbert's parody on "Hamlet," recalls the fact that the original representative of the part of the "melancholy Dane," to be played by Captain Robert Marshall, was Mr. Frank Lindo, who acted it in imitation of Sir Henry Irving. The little play made a decided impression, and more than one manager of a West-End theatre was anxious to put the piece in the evening bill, but Mr. Gilbert did not see his way to allowing this to be done. Mr. Lindo, who is now one of the author-actor-managers and is on tour with his own play, "Home, Sweet Home," which has been continuously acted for the past twelve months, still occasionally recites "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern" in public, for he is one of the few actors gifted with a remarkable memory and has recited more than one of the Shakspere plays without aid from book or prompter.

Work by Miss Constance Fletcher—or "George Fleming," for she still prefers to use her masculine pen-name—is always interesting, and the outcome of her new three-Act comedy, "A Man and His Maker," will be watched by the whole playgoing community. So far as London is concerned, that will, however, depend on the reception of the play in the chief provincial towns, where it starts on tour for a couple of months, beginning at Liverpool on the second Monday in August. Mr. E. H. Kelly, who was responsible for the production of "The Lion Hunters" at Terry's rather more than three years ago, when Miss Nina Boucicault made so conspicuous a success, is, with Mr. C. M. Hallard, the manager of the enterprise, in which Miss Boucicault (Mrs. Kelly) will, it need hardly be said, be the bright particular "star."

We are so constantly being told of the lack of influence of the English stage that it is as refreshing as it is delightful to be able to assure the pessimists that they take, perhaps, an unduly dark view of our alleged shortcomings. During the last two or three weeks, for instance, London has been entertaining the man who has the reputation of being Norway's finest actor, although quite unaware of his identity. Mr. Faldström was so greatly impressed with Mr. Beerbohm Tree's production of "The Merry Wives," which he saw more than once with that object in view, that he has resolved to make a special production of it at the theatre which he is to open in Christiania as soon as the holidays are over. More than that: he has been anxious to secure the music used by Mr. Tree, and written by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Raymond Roze. Mr. Roze has, it seems almost superfluous to add, been selected to write the special music

which we may be sure will be a marked feature of Mr. Tree's production of "The Tempest" in the autumn.

The production of Massenet's "Salome," which was postponed from Tuesday, July 5, by desire of His Majesty the King, duly took place on Wednesday, July 6, at Covent Garden, this being its first performance in England. In the first place, it is the story of St. John the Baptist, who (for purposes of censorship) is called in the opera Jean, the action of the opera taking place in Ethiopia. M. Massenet's music is full of melody, and its every characteristic is French; indeed, so French is it that almost all sense of profanity is removed. It deals with the love of Salome for Jean and the jealous fury of Hesatoade in delicate enough manner; further than this M. Massenet has not built up a very great standard of dramatic characterisation. The performance was altogether adequate. Madame Calvé, in the part of Salome, both sang remarkably well and acted magnificently; she is such a remarkable actress that at times one is in doubt which to admire most, her acting or her singing. Madame Kirkby Lunn, in the part of Hesatoade, was also remarkably good. In the part of Jean, M. Dalmorès has to our mind never done anything better at Covent Garden; his dignity was quite remarkable and his singing was as good as it could be. M. Renaud, as Moriane, King of Ethiopia, was quite wonderful both in his singing and in the sincerity of his acting, and M. Plançon was dignified in both his singing and in his pose. M. Gilibert, as Caius Petronius, also sang well. Herr Löhse conducted with spirit and feeling.



A STUDY OF SIR HENRY IRVING.—BY JAMES PRYDE (OF THE "BEGGARSTAFF BROTHERS").



KEY-NOTES

ON Saturday afternoon (July 2) the London Symphony Orchestra gave their second concert, under the conductorship of Mr. Charles Williams, at the Queen's Hall. The concert was altogether satisfactory, but the chief interest of the afternoon consisted in the appearance of Franz von Vecsey in conjunction with an Orchestra, this being his first public appearance under these circumstances. His playing of Mendelssohn's Concerto for Violin was exceptionally fine; but in the Paganini Concerto he was, perhaps, at his best, playing with an assurance and a fineness of technique which were perfectly suited to the work of the composer. As an encore he played a Bach air, his interpretation of this great master, "an old master for young people," being one of his most wonderful achievements. In Brahms's Fourth Symphony the London Symphony Orchestra played with a quiet sense of dignity and mastery that were

entitled "Summer-time," and Madame Suzanne Adams sang the same composer's "Sunbeams" and Mr. Leo Stern's "Little Thief" quite charmingly. Mr. Santley also sang with much spirit two songs from Mr. Ronald's "Cycle of Six Love-Songs." Signor Ancona, whom we hear too seldom in London, sang Tosti's "Chanson de l'Adieu," and the same composer's "Mattinata," very finely indeed, while M. Plançon also contributed to a most successful and enjoyable afternoon.

Never have we seen a better performance of the part of Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana" than that which was given by Fräulein Destinn at Covent Garden on July 5. So realistic was the tragedy of her acting that at times it was almost painful in its intensity, and in the scene in which she reveals Turiddu's treachery her passion rose to a wonderful height. Her singing, too, was very fine indeed. The



"PAGLIACCI": THE DEATH OF NEDDA—AS SEEN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

With Apologies to Leoncavallo.

altogether remarkable. In their rendering of the "Tannhäuser" Overture they were especially fine.

We understand from Mr. Schulz-Curtius that it will be impossible to arrange for another series of Richter Concerts for the winter (1904-1905), as Dr. Richter's engagements in Manchester will prevent him from conducting a London orchestra, and that it is also impossible to arrange the bringing of the Hallé Orchestra from Manchester to London. It is indeed unfortunate, for these concerts have always proved to be of exceptional interest.

On Tuesday afternoon (July 5), Mr. Landon Ronald gave his Annual Morning Concert at 70, Ennismore Gardens, by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Natorp. He was assisted by a number of very well-known artists. Miss Muriel Foster sang "Four Songs of the Hill," by Mr. Landon Ronald, this being their first performance. They are in Mr. Ronald's best style, and the one entitled "Come Home my Thoughts from the Hill" was exactly suited to Miss Foster's beautiful style and voice. Mr. Joseph O'Mara sang, with deep emotion and fine quality of voice, Mr. Ronald's song-cycle

other parts were taken by Mdlle. Aurélie Révy, Mdlle. Bauermieister, M. Seveilhac, and Signor Dani. On the same occasion the performance of "I Pagliacci," in which Mdlle. Révy made a capital Nedda, was also remarkably good, Signor Caruso again taking the part of Canio magnificently. The cast also included Signor Scotti, Herr Reiss, and M. Seveilhac. Signor Mancinelli was the conductor of both the operas.

On Thursday (June 30), under the direction of Dr. Frederic Cowen, the seventh and last concert of the present series of concerts given by the Philharmonic Society took place at the Queen's Hall. Herr Kubelik was the solo violinist of the evening, and we have seldom heard this player to better advantage than in his rendering of Lalo's Spanish Symphony. On the same occasion Mr. Edward German conducted his "Rhapsody on March Themes," which was produced for the first time in London.

Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons announce that they have made arrangements to resume their concerts next season, commencing in November and ending in April 1905; but, instead of the St. James's Hall, these will take place at the Æolian Hall. COMMON CHORD.



Hotels in England and France—Humber Cars—Death of Sir William Rattigan—The Deadly Motor and Deadlier Horse.

THE more one tours per cycle and per automobile on the Continent, the more discontented does one become with the conduct of English provincial hotels. There would appear to be something lacking in the Anglo-Saxon nature which goes to the making of a popular and successful hotel-keeper. Let any of my readers who have toured in France contrast the scene of their arrival at a French with what takes place, or rather, does not take place, upon a similar occasion at an English hostelry. In the first case, you have hardly entered the hotel courtyard, and have scarcely drawn back your change-speed lever to the neutral notch, before the patron, or Madame—it is nearly always Madame—has fluttered out to meet you, and is smiling you a welcome, as though you were a frequent and an honoured guest. She is so anxious to know if you have made a good voyage, and if, after so long a travel, you and the ladies are not very tired. It is so fatiguing this motoring. But dinner will be ready in half-an-hour, and if Mesdames will follow her, they shall be shown to charming rooms where they may freshen and rest themselves before *le dîner*. The patron shows anxiety that you shall have your car stowed away in safety and to your satisfaction, and seems to infect all his underlings with desire equal to his own to make you comfortable and relieve you of all trouble and anxiety. You feel at once that you are welcome, that the people are glad to see you, and that you will be well treated. Also the toothsome odour of the preparing viands—dinner always smells more divinely in France than in England—gives you real heart of grace; for, if you know your France, you know that, whatever part of the country you are in, you are always going to find an eatable, very frequently a most excellent, and sometimes, indeed, a really sumptuous meal.

Now turn to England and recall the sort of welcome you know you will find when driving into a hotel-yard. Nine times out of ten it is deserted, and, having stopped your engine, you pull bell-handles long since innocent of connection with any bell; you drive in and out of little cubby-holes; you shout "Ostler! House! Ho!" until you are hoarse, and have ultimately to dig that mostly gruff and generally grimy personage out of the "tap," whence he issues wiping the beery froth from his lips on a dirty forearm. He is very grumpy about the disposition of your car, it not being a 'oss, and invariably requests you to manoeuvre it into some perfectly impossible and ill-sheltered corner. He groused exceedingly should he have to move a farmer's trap or two, to afford you the accommodation you insist upon, and, altogether, you feel that the ostler, at least, is one person who does not welcome you. You assist your own passengers to alight, and, entering the hotel, endeavour to find someone responsible for something. That usually takes time, but, at last, some fair young thing who divides her time between flirting with the bucolic gentry in the smoke-room and trifling with the books deigns to appear, and, in injured tones, admits that you can have rooms. At the word "dinner" she shrinks within herself. You can have chops and steaks and some cold pastry and cheese, but dinner in the ordinary sense of the term is beyond the wildest dreams of fancy. And, oh, the chops and steaks of the provincial hotel! 'Tis best to draw a veil over them, for they will not suffer retrospect. The sleeping accommodation is usually fair to good, the cooking poor to bad, and a welcome always lacking. Indeed, the hotel-keepers of this country appear to me not only to regret your advent, but to rejoice at your departure.



SIR WILLIAM RATTIGAN'S CAR, SHOWING THAT THE WHEEL COLLAPSED, THE TYRE REMAINING INTACT.

part of the ignorant and ill-informed as to the generality of motor-cars being of bad design and weakly constructed. It is a remarkable fact that, though the wheel broke up, the tyre was subsequently found to be intact, so that, to whatever other cause the failure of the wheel was due, it could not be suggested that a burst tyre formed the provocation.

Just while this hysterical screech about the dangers of motor-cars is being raised by the circulation-seeking sensation-mongers, it is well to ponder some figures which, under the head of "Horse Accidents," were given in last week's issue of the *Autocar*. Lacking any reliable official return, the Editor of this paper has for the past twenty months had a record kept of the accidents caused by and through horses as noted in the columns of the Press of the country. That these figures in any wise approach the real total of such incidents is most unlikely, for assuredly it may be taken that quite as many hippic mishaps never reach the ears of reporters. The *Autocar's* figures show that in nineteen months ending March 31 of this year no less than 6046 horse-accidents were notified, which resulted in injuries more or less severe to 4450 persons and death to 569. For the three months ending June 30 last, 1237 accidents were chronicled, with 923 injuries and 134 deaths, making a grand total for the twenty-two months of 7283 accidents, 5373 injuries, and 703 deaths. Running these figures out, it is found that the reported horse-accidents alone average 331, the injuries 244, and the deaths 32 per month, or some ten accidents, eight injuries, and over one death for every day in the year. The deadly motor forsooth! What about the deadlier horse?

driver can reach them without bending. The body is most tastefully upholstered and has Roide - Belge bucket - seats in front.

No one can deplore the death of Sir William Rattigan through the accident to his car more than the present scribe, but nothing evidences the present-day craving for sensationalism more emphatically than the absolutely indecent manner in which it was seized upon by a section of the daily Press, and thrown up into all the high relief which startling head-lines can afford. Had this unfortunate gentleman met his lamentable end by being thrown from his own carriage in lieu of from his motor-car, the fatality would have been dismissed in a six-line paragraph tucked away in some obscure corner of the paper, and we should not have been treated to absurd statements on the



THE WORLD OF SPORT

Sandown—Goodwood—The Liverpool Cup—Second July Meeting.

THERE will be a great gathering at Sandown Park next week for the Eclipse Meeting. I had a look at the course a day or two ago, and found it well covered with herbage, so the going will be of the best. The electric starting-gates and the new number-boards are in full working order, and, indeed, all the arrangements at this favourite rendezvous are of the best and perfectly up-to-date. It is a pity that the start on the five-furlong course takes place so near to the wooden partition, but this does not matter so much now that horses have to stand perfectly still before the start. I am afraid the Eclipse Stakes will be a one-horse affair, as St. Amant is, my Newmarket man reports, at the top of his form just now, and the race should be a mere exercise-canter for Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's colt. The National Breeders' Produce Stakes is the richest two-year-old race of the year; being of the value of £5000. I think it will

Only eighteen of the thirty-four entries for the Liverpool Summer Cup have accepted, but there is the making of a good race in the list of contents. Mr. Sullivan, the 'cute Irish lawyer, appears to hold the key to the situation with Likely Bird and War Wolf, and the better of the pair should start favourite and win. I saw the race for the London Cup at Alexandra Park, and I thought Likely Bird was very unlucky. The horse looked short of a gallop or two, but he is bound to be fit by July 22, and, given a race, I should take the son of Winkfield—Like-a-Bird to beat all comers. I really do think this is the first chance that has been given to Mr. Sullivan's horses by the handicappers this year. Mr. Sullivan trains at Heddington, near Calne, in the stables from which Cowley used to turn out so many winners for the late Teddy Brayley. The Hon. George Lambton has only left one candidate in the Liverpool Cup, in Flamma, owned by the



HENLEY REGATTA, 1904: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE.

Photograph by Bolland, Hanwell. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")

be won by Cicero if he runs, and only in his absence should I plump for Adula, a filly by Gallinule—Admiration, an own sister to Pretty Polly. This filly is said to be very smart indeed.

There was a large gathering at the Press view of the new Goodwood stands, and the Duke of Richmond, for one, seemed highly pleased with the alterations. I am delighted to find that the start for the Stewards' Cup will now be a perfectly fair one for all the horses engaged, as for years I have suggested the change which has now been brought about by shifting the venue fifty yards to the left, looking down to the starting-post from the stands. The draw will no longer affect the result so materially as it has done in the past, and it may, in this particular, be as well to put on record the fact that only last year the Grateley people did not back Dumbarton Castle for a shilling until after the draw, when it was found he held a good position. The new stands, which remind one of the Sandown structures, cost forty thousand pounds to build, and they are perfect. The King's Stand is in a direct line with the winning-post, while the Press Box is one of the best in the country. The Grand Stand is big enough to hold a record crowd, and the subway from the Lawn to the Paddock is a capital institution. It is almost needless to add that the course is in splendid order, and owners need not hesitate to run even their cripples at the meeting which commences on July 26.

Postmaster-General, and it is safe to predict that Flamma will, at least, carry the bulk of the local money. Cheers, too, is not out of the race, and there would be cheers were this horse to win, as the Duke of Devonshire has had no luck at racing for a very long time.

There is a big attendance at Newmarket this week for the sales and the racing. Lord Rosebery ought to get good prices for his yearlings, as his horses, seemingly, have come back to form, and many good judges expect Cicero to win the Derby next year. His Majesty the King is selling a couple of two-year-olds in Politely and Cornflower, and the late Mr. E. Courage's horses in training are to be offered for sale. Lord Bradford—who, by-the-bye, does not run many horses—will send up some yearlings for sale, and Mr. W. B. Cloete sends up four, all sired by Cherry Tree. The racing during the week will be very tame, but the outing should be an enjoyable one all the same, as the meetings behind the Ditch are always pleasant—that is, in the absence of heavy thunder-storms. The First Foal Stakes looks a very easy task for Rock Sand, who has been a lucky horse to that lucky owner, Sir James Miller. Grey Plume may win the Zelland Plate, and Llangibby, a seven-pound penalty notwithstanding, is very likely to capture the Chesterfield Stakes. There will be a very poor field for the Midsummer Stakes, and, as Fiancée is not likely to go to the post, I shall plump for Antonio. CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

UP to now, crinoline has been only a rumour. We have been gathering our garments and pouting our petticoats and generally expanding our dimensions, it is true, but crinoline has still been only a cloud on the hazy horizon. Now it is more—a reality, in fact, since one appeared at a party in Pont Street to which



[Copyright.]

A USEFUL RIVER-GOWN SEEN AT HENLEY.

all the world and his wife were invited last week. It was gracefully modulated and not offensively prominent, without doubt. But it was there, an actuality of steel or whalebone, or whatever else its component parts, ballooning forth a charming mauve gauze of many flounces, which was worn with the utmost grace and effrontery by its good-looking owner. Did the other women gaze? Did they not! A few had arrived at the fashionable outposts of stiffened under-skirts, but no one else had had the courage to go the whole way of whalebone—so the first crinoline since John Leech made its *rentrée* in London Society alone.

Therefore, doubtless, is it that the sales are so more than ordinarily seductive and sacrificial this year. Presently clinging skirts will only figure in curiosity collections, so they "positively must be sold," as the jargon goes, at any sacrifice. If men would only change their fashions as light-heartedly as we do, what a difference it would make all round! Even the bores would be more or less supportable because of the constant surprises in clothes, at least, they could offer. But there seems no such pleasant possibility in the near future. Chiffons may come and chiffons may go, but the frock-coat and swallow-tail of custom go unornamentally on for ever.

One of the devoted band of fashionable fortune-tellers now being so harried by an up-to-date daily recently struck out a path for himself in the matter of garments, and was wont to receive his guileless clients in the impressive sublimity of plum-coloured velvet coats and pale-blue waistcoats—not to mention long hair. But in some haste he has folded his tent and imitated the Arabs in the other respect as well, so the promulgation of plum-coloured coats has been

temporarily suspended. Meanwhile, are we really to be deprived of the comforts of our tame clairvoyants? And how sad will not London be when its palm can no longer be crossed with gold, and the "sea voyages" and "presents" and "fair men" and "dark women" and "legacies" with which our dull existences have been so liberally brightened in the past are promised no longer! "What's this dull town to me," I hear the credulous cry, "my palmist is not here!" And, indeed, things look as if he might not be—very much longer.

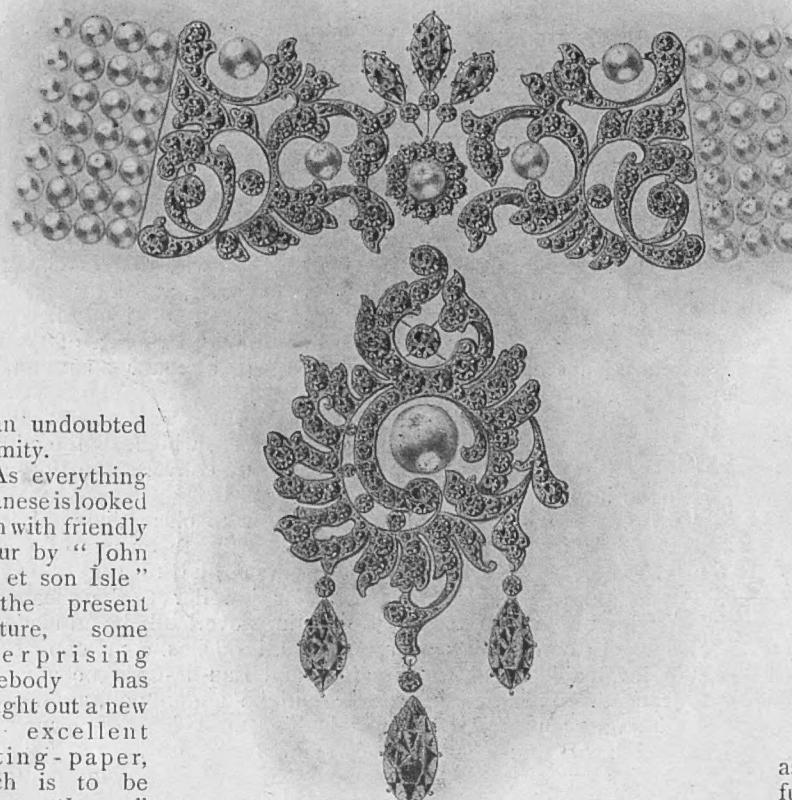
Women are recurring to the 1837 era in jewellery as well as clothes, I notice. Cameo brooches are being re-set with diamonds, miniatures framed in brilliants repose amidst our laces, and long ear-rings are considered distinctively good form, as they are distinctly becoming to most. The pearl collar, which is our modern replica of the ancient Greek and Roman "collar of gold," still retains its premier place amongst our possessions, but those artistic folk of Parisian Diamond fame are improving it out of all former knowledge, and the latest version is presented on our pages this week, which, by the addition of a magnificent central clasp and pendant, converts the dog-collar of custom into a jewel worthy of Royalty itself.

Apropos, someone wants to know how to clean diamond jewellery set *à jour*, and, having asked several fortunate owners of portentous jewel-safes, I find that most women like to send their larger possessions to their own particular jeweller to be cleaned, with the added object of having the settings overhauled and made secure. For such small articles as rings, pins, brooches, &c., soap and water, the invaluable Scrubb's Ammonia, and Eau-de-Cologne are variously advanced. This treatment, it should be understood, applies only to real stones; paste, however valuable, must be *dry*-cleaned. The mention of Eau-de-Cologne reminds one of its many invaluable qualities as *compagnon de voyage*, and everyone who contemplates packing a trunk at this season of universal flight should place in it a wicker flask of the incomparable "4711," which is obtainable at the Dépôt in Bond Street or of any perfumer worth the name. It is the most delicious and refreshing of all Cologne waters, and to be without it at any stage of one's journeying at home or abroad would



[Copyright.]

A HANDSOME DESIGN IN BLACK SPOTTED WITH WHITE.



ARTISTIC DESIGNS BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

be an undoubtedly calamity.

As everything Japanese is looked upon with friendly favour by "John Bull et son Isle" at the present juncture, some enterprising somebody has brought out a new and excellent writing-paper, which is to be known as "Japon." It resembles the Japanese paper in its rich cream tone, and is practically untearable: another point in

common. It is delightful to write upon, being thick and smooth, like parchment, and is altogether a desirable addition to one's writing-table.

In company with all the rest of the trading confraternity, Mr. Fisher, of Regent Street, started a sale on the 7th. Unlike many another, it is noticeable, however, that all his frocks and coats are exactly up-to-date and absolutely reduced to half-price. A pretty white cloth pelerine, daintily trimmed with ruches of lettuce-green tafletas, was marked down to two and a-half guineas; a long mantle of champagne-coloured cloth, tasselled and embroidered with guipure, was negotiable at five and a-half guineas, and cloth costumes with the new wide skirts in many novel designs were miraculously marked down in the general overthrow of prices. I recommend anyone wanting smart autumnal gear at an infinitesimal outlay to try Fisher.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

ISABEL (Netley).—It is early days to forecast fashions but *on dit* that crinoline is well on the way, and from Paris one hears that leaf-green and magenta are to be the accepted colours. The vision of a magenta cashmere inflated over crinoline does not bring tears of joy to the eyes, however, and one hopes that the future holds fewer shocks than are prophesied.

SYBIL.

The foundation and wonderful growth of Port Sunlight have been among the most striking events of recent years, and go far to prove that the period of England's decadence is not yet. But Port Sunlight is not entirely devoted to business, as was sufficiently proved by the highly successful concert given at Queen's Hall recently by its Village Choir. Among the most successful items rendered were Sir Edward Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory," "Hail, Bright Abode," from "Tannhäuser," and Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Te Deum," while part-songs by Lane, Frost, and Pinsuti were also effectively sung. The orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. John Cheshire, played very satisfactorily, and Miss Mollie Spencer and Miss Kathleen Marchant, as soloists, acquitted themselves with distinction. Both these young ladies have won Lever Scholarships.

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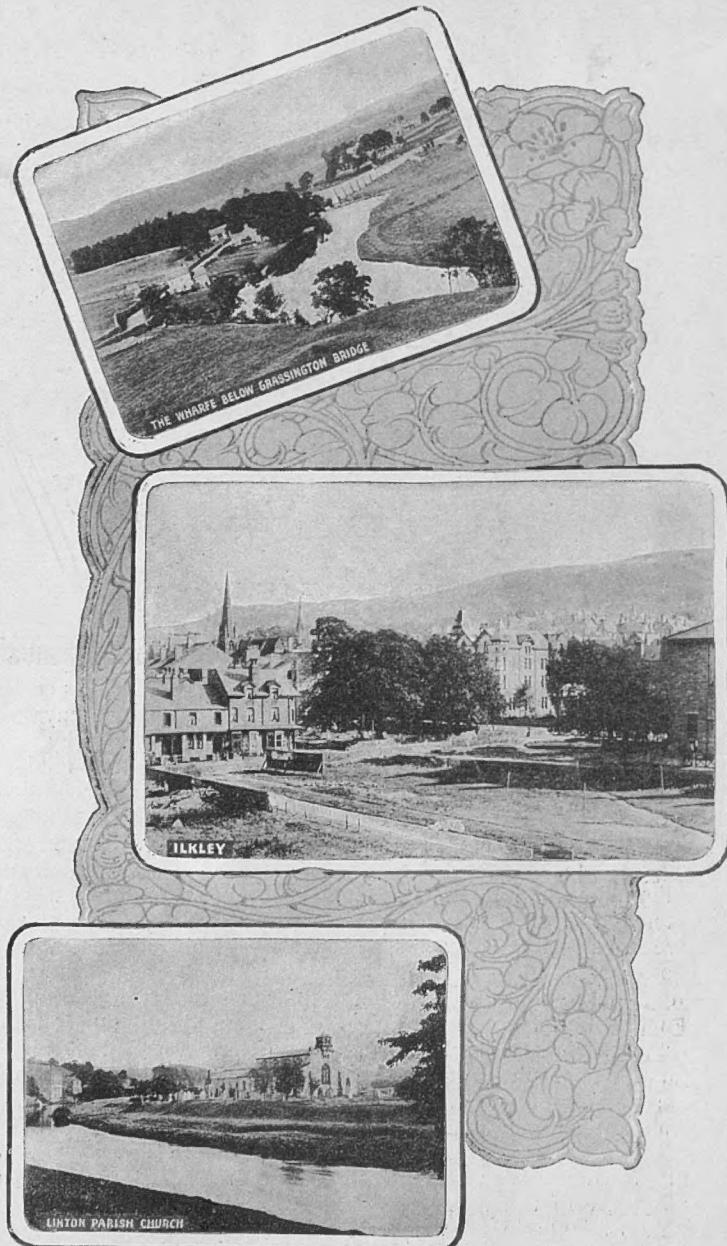
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THE VALLEY OF THE WHARFE.

Of all the pleasure resorts in England—and no country in the world can boast more—not one offers greater attractions than the far-famed Wharfedale district of Yorkshire. Here the holiday-maker, whatever his tastes, can always find something to interest or amuse. Making his headquarters at bracing Harrogate, one of the sunniest places in the kingdom, he may enjoy the delights of the sea, or, should his fancy so incline, walk or ride to one of the numberless picturesque and historic spots in the immediate neighbourhood. Bolton Abbey, Ben Rhydding, Ilkley, Rylstone (famous for its association with Wordsworth's "White Doe"), and Grassington (a city of considerable importance long before the Roman Conquest) are only a few of the many places which delight the lover of the picturesque and fill the heart of the antiquarian with unspeakable joy, while the pedestrian may wander at will over illimitable breezy moorlands whose atmosphere imparts the very breath of life. In olden times, romantic Wharfedale was a long journey indeed from prosaic London Town; now, however, thanks to the "iron horse," it is within easy reach, and the Midland Railway Company's service leaves nothing to be desired. What with express-trains, tourist-tickets, week-end and other facilities, the journey has become not only speedy but also inexpensive. The Company publish a neat little booklet containing a programme for the season, together with information as to walking and cycling tours in the district which should be invaluable to the holiday-seeker.

Not only is cyder-cup the fashionable drink at this Season's garden-parties, but the delicious brands of "Whimble" are fast ousting the "thin Moselles" from popular favour in such high-class restaurants as Prince's, the Savoy, and the Carlton, where they have obtained the full dignity of a place in the wine-list. The doctors, moreover, have discovered in Whiteway's "Whimble brut" a specific for gout and rheumatism and an ideal liquid for the obese, and the prospects of the "White Wine of England" are particularly rosy. Messrs. Whiteway have just been appointed sole purveyors to the House of Lords.



SOME PICTURESQUE SPOTS IN WHARFEDALE.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 26.

THE MARKETS AND BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS.

THE only real live market is, and has been during the week, the Yankee section, where the American "bosses" are doing their best, with good crop reports and other like bull points, to put matters better. The Cape Loan underwriters have had a nice slice of their obligations to take up, which has not helped the gilt-edged market, nor does it look as if the ease of the Money Market was to be as pronounced as was at one time hoped.

Despite all the talk of bad trade and stagnation of business, the Board of Trade returns for the half-year completed last month are



ACROSS THE ANDES.

LA CUMBRE, "THE SUMMIT" OF THE PASS AND THE FRONTIER OF BOTH REPUBLICS, LOOKING TOWARDS ARGENTINA.

certainly encouraging, and, judged from them alone, nobody would venture to suggest that the trade of the country is going downhill. For the month of June, the exports of home produce show an increase of £1,797,810, while the imports have improved by £1,901,234, and the figures since Jan. 1 show substantial gains of over £2,000,000 on exports and over £11,000,000 on imports.

The most noticeable feature of the June returns is the decline in the iron and steel exports and a big increase in the imports of raw materials, such as cotton, hemp, and jute. We have imported less meat and more grain. Upon the whole, the lesson of the figures appears to be that the material prosperity of the country, as shown by its consumption of food, is not on the decline, and that, with the exception of certain industries, the general trade is not shrinking.

AMERICANS IN ACTION.

No wonder that the American Market is becoming the Mecca of the moment in the minds of many jobbers in other parts of the Stock Exchange. Alone it commands that speculative attention that is truthfully described as the very breath of the House. Alone its prices move with that rapidity and breadth which encourage business more than any other cause that touches speculation, and, what is better, the market promises to remain active for some time to come. Those bears who sold lines of Yankees upon the idea that the advent of the Presidential Election would cause steady selling and general upset of confidence had reckoned without their host in that they left the Railroad "bosses" out of their calculations and drew conclusions simply from traffics, statements, and the political issues aforesaid. The leaders, however, are now throwing all the weight of their influence into the opposite scale, and the bears, there can be no doubt, have been badly bitten. Not all of them have covered their commitments, and some of the more daring sold further shares upon each rise—which is a theoretically sound policy requiring a large amount of capital if it is to be followed successfully. Having been consistently bullish ourselves during the past few months, what time most of our contemporaries were going strong on the other tack, we must plead guilty to a retention of the same optimistic sentiment, and, although we should not advise purchases of Atchisons, Unions, or Southern Pacifics on a day when the market is good, we consider the speculator will be well advised to buy upon any set-back that may occur. The people on the other side have not done with Yankees yet by any manner of means, and the gamblers over there are beginning to take a hand in the game once more. Profits on Yankees, it seems to us, may well be run.

CATERING COMPANIES.

So much money belonging to the general public is now invested in shares of the principal Catering Companies that the steady decline in prices during the past six months is causing considerable comment. Since the beginning of the year Lyons have shrunk from 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 $\frac{1}{4}$, Aërated Breads from 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 9, British Tea Table from 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 $\frac{1}{4}$, and so forth. Current quotations, it must be remembered, are *ex*-dividend, but even that does not sufficiently explain the wide discrepancy which has occurred. Even in the market the authorities are somewhat at a loss to understand this dwindling tone, and vaguely ascribe it to the general dulness of Industrial descriptions. More probably, however, the real reason lies in the hesitation of the public to buy shares standing as high as Lyons or A. B. C. so long

as the vexed question remains unsolved of issuing new shares at a pound apiece by way of bonus. Both the principal concerns will be obliged to stop this handsome addition to the dividends sooner or later, and the impression is that it will be sooner. In time, no doubt, the profits may creep up to a sum that will allow distribution of actual dividends equivalent to those now paid partly in cash, partly in the bonus provided by new shares. This will take time, and it seems clear that some people are selling now who will probably want to repurchase if the prices have the anticipated further fall. Along with Aërated Breads and Lyons the smaller fry of this market are bound to move, and perhaps the appearance of more competition has given pause to those who generally invest their savings in Catering shares. Slaters look as reasonably priced as anything in this department.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Air! Air!" gasped The Stroller, as he met his stockbroker in Throgmorton Street on one of the sultriest of recent hot evenings.

"Even the Kaffir Circus is suffering from lack of it," rejoined his agent, smilingly. "Do you notice how we are allowed to pass along without being asked if we've anything to do?"

"Yes, how is it?"

"Suppose they are all too hot and too languid to bother about the off-chance of an order. If—"

"They're a halfpenny harder out here," said a jobber, stepping up to them at that minute. "You've got no business in East Rand Mining?"

"I'm afraid not," returned the broker.

"What d'you want to deal in then?"

"Oh, every blessed share in the Kaffir Market I *want* to deal-in," said the other, "but, as I haven't got an order, what's the good of wanting?"

"See anything?" the jobber asked. "I mean, do you think there's any chance of—?"

"Not this side of the middle of September, in my opinion," added another man as he joined the group. "Excuse me, but you're not dealing, are you?"

"What an asinine question!" snorted the first. "Does anybody ever deal nowadays?"

"The retort, if not courteous, is at least warranted," the broker put in. "The public won't come in—"

"Why should they?" demanded our Stroller. "Where is the attraction to an outsider to buy Kaffir shares when all the market does is to occasionally rise a sixteenth and frequently to fall three-sixteenths. Where do we come in?"

"It's all the fault of the big houses," began one of the jobbers, but the broker cut him short.

"The big houses must surely be suffering pretty badly from the depression themselves. I shouldn't be at all surprised—"

"Neither should I," The Stroller interrupted, anticipating what would come next. "But it would cause a frightful slump for the time being."

"Not much risk of it happening, to my mind," said the second jobber. "I'm hanged if I don't think some of our things are beginning to look cheap."

"Such as?"

"Randfontein, or Kleinfontein, or Gold Trust, or—"

"Modders and Rand Mines?" suggested The Stroller, tentatively.

"Not much. Both shares are absurdly overvalued."

"They tell me Transvaal Consolidated Lands are a good buy."

"My dear fellow," cried the broker, "some people will tell you anything, and the Kaffir Market is as full of paradoxes as a fashionable church."

"We were talking about 'T.C.L.,'" observed the first speaker.

"So was I. Here you have a collection of sand-heaps and pasture, and the shares stand at something over 4."

"And will go to 5, as sure as fate, when business improves," the second jobber remarked.

"Most probably," and the broker shrugged his shoulders. "Well, we must be saying good-night, and we might say good-bye for a month so far as orders are concerned, it strikes me."



HOTEL DEL INCA,
WHERE THE TRAVELLER PASSES THE SECOND NIGHT AFTER LEAVING
BUENOS AIRES.

"Good-night, good-night," quoth one of the jobbers. "Parting is such sweet sorrow, although mefears a Kaffir boom won't come to-morrow."

Our Stroller was still laughing when he and his broker turned into Slater's, and settled themselves in one of the comfortable window-seats.

"Two long glasses with ice and straw," ordered the broker. "I don't mind what you put in it. That's right, isn't it?"

"Beautiful," said The Stroller. "Just what I want. I'm afraid I am—"

"Not in the least," replied the gentleman whose place our friend thought he had usurped. "I really only came in here to report a limit in Atchison, but it's so hot," and he jingled the ice against the bottom of his glass almost regrettfully.

"Are they good out there?" asked the broker.

"Wee bit straggly," was the answer. "First they buy everything, and then they offer them. Yankees are right enough though, and the man who sells them now's a fool. So long."

The broker nodded good-bye, and turned to his client.

"What is amusing you?" he asked, for The Stroller still smiled.

"Why, do you see those two men over there?" he said. "I knew one of them years ago in the North of England, and he did nine months for something or other. Now look at the howling swell!"

"Heaps of that sort round here," said the broker, nonchalantly. "They're all right if they've turned over new leaves; and, if they haven't, well, they get found out in course of time."

"At the expense of the public, I presume?"

"At the expense of the Stock Exchange, more likely. But that's a business risk, and, if we care to undertake that class of trade, it's our own fault if things go wrong. Personally, I always consider that risky business isn't worth the candle."

The Stroller looked critically at his straw. "Broken," said he. "I thought so. Thanks, that's a better one. Talk to me about some cool investment."

"Mustn't be gas, I suppose?" laughed the broker.

"No. Electricity would be better. I want some sound stock paying between 4 and 5 per cent. on the money."

"Why not Urban Electric 4½ per cent. Debenture at 98½? It's thoroughly well-secured."

"Never heard of it," replied The Stroller. "Is there any market?"

"Fairly free market, and I can show you all the figures when we get back to the office. It's a good investment, and one I wouldn't mind putting my maiden aunts into."

"Tell me something else cool," said our Stroller.

"Melbourne Harbour Fours at 100 or 101," proposed the broker. "They're redeemable at par in 1918 and 1921, and are safe as houses."

"But have little scope for a rise," objected the investor.

"Naturally, although monetary conditions may change so as to make a 4 per cent. stock worth 105, even if it is redeemable fifteen years or so hence."

"Anything else cool that you know of?"

"West Middlesex Waterworks, if you can get hold of it, will show you a good profit when the Water Board stock is issued."

The Stroller was pencilling the stocks in his inevitable note-book.

"Thank you," said he, "I will think them over and write to you later. And now I'll have to be off up West. Seven o'clock to-morrow night at the Café Royal? Good. *Au revoir!*"

WARING AND GILLOW, LIMITED.

The report of this important Industrial concern cannot but be satisfactory to the shareholders. It is the first since the business of Hampton and Sons was absorbed, and it is, therefore, impossible to make any comparison with previous results. The surplus, however, after providing for prior charges, the addition of £10,000 to reserve, which brings that fund up to £100,000, writing £9,300 off the preliminary expenses in connection with the issue of new capital, and appropriating £10,000 to the redemption of the "A" Debentures, is sufficient to pay the 7 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary shares and to leave £13,000 to be carried forward. It is satisfactory to learn that the Company's fine new building in Oxford Street will probably be finished by this time next year.

Saturday, July 9, 1904.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

S. A.—We really cannot tell you why the Kaffir Market does not improve, except that the public refuses to buy. No doubt, the fear of what a Liberal Government may do about Chinese labour has something to do with it.

VAGE.—The price is $\frac{1}{2}$ — $\frac{3}{4}$.

VERITAS.—We have no means of finding out about Manchester share-dealers. Probably your banker would make an inquiry for you if you gave him the name of the dealer's bankers.

E. V. G.—The question is a difficult legal one such as we cannot answer. You must consult a solicitor, and he will probably want to take counsel's opinion.

OATS.—(1) We do not like the Company or the people who manage it. (2) No.

(3) We should not sell just now. (4) Inquiries shall be made.

ALPHA BETA.—As a gamble the Westralians may be worth a shot. We should say the Kaffirs were cheap if we could feel any confidence in early improvement.

S. A. E.—Either sell or make up your mind to hold for some time and even see a reconstruction through.

J. E.—The investment in Second Pref. shares appears to us not attractive. The business is "all in the making" and the capital excessive. You might do much better with your money. C. A. Pearson 5½ per cent. Pref. appears to us a much better buy.



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